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DR. WALLACE ACHIEVES A STILL MORE IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE LONDON PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE. AN ENTIRELY UNSUSPECTED EPISODE IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE IN LONDON REVEALED BY HIS AND OTHER DEPOSITIONS IN THE SUIT OF BELOTT V. MOUNTJOIE (1612).

In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of January, 1906 (Vol. V, page 1), we printed the record of a discovery by Dr. Charles William Wallace, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Nebraska and a Life Member of the New York Shakespeare Society, of the Summons, Complaint, Answer and Decree in the Chancery suit of Bendish v. Bacon, evidently a friendly suit brought to quiet title to certain real properties in the city of London. Shakespeare being impleaded as a Defendant, and were able to present also fac-similes and transliterations of the pleadings themselves. Again (December, 1909, Vol. V, page 1) we announced Dr. Wallace's further discovery of the pleadings and evidence in Osteler v. Heminges, the latter not only mentioning Shakespeare by name, but testifying to the value of sundry of his holdings in the stock of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres; the value of said shares, and so, inferentially, the amount of Shakespeare's income from his theatrical possessions. Again, February, 1909 (ante p. 30), we reported Dr. Wallace's account of the Taylor-Heminges litigation, which concerns values in both of Shakespeare's theatres. Truly the claim that Dr. Wallace's discoveries almost compel a re-writing of Shakespearean biography is not extreme! But now comes the most important discovery of all. And it could be well claimed that even had Shakespeare's name not been mentioned in this last find, the record of a romantic courtship in the Elizabethan mode, might repay even dustying one's fingers with dreary old Law records of a by-gone age!

Dr. Wallace made his first report to our neighbor, "Harper's Maga-

zine," for March, 1910 (coming as it did in the interval between our quarterly issues), and it is therefore by the courtesy of the Messrs. Harpers that we draw up for our readers the following abstract of chronicle thereof.

In the year 1612 there was living in London a Huguenot refugee named Christopher Mountjoye. He was by trade a wig maker (or "tire maker" as then styled). He had a wife and one child, Mary. He had an apprentice, also a Huguenot, named Stephen Belott. Besides this, Christopher took lodgers, and, as it happened, one of his lodgers in the year 1612 was William Shakespeare, Gentleman, of Stratford-on-Avon.

Young Stephen Belott was so exemplary and excellent an apprentice that his master Montjoie and his wife, conceived the idea that having no son of their own he, Belott, might become their son-in-law and marrying Mary eventually inherit the Wig-making business, and the worldly goods of the Mountjoies. Stephen himself seems to have had no such ambitions. And to suggest to him that a proposal for the hand of Mary Mountjoy would be accepted, Christopher and his wife called in their lodger Shakespeare and enlisted his services to endeavor to induce Stephen to propose to Mistress Mary. Shakespeare was successful. He was empowered by the Mountjoyies, it may be supposed, to mention that a dower of fifty pounds and certain worldly goods would go with the damsel, though this Shakespeare, it will be seen, does not either affirm or deny, contenting himself, like an acute witness, with merely stating that the Mountjoies promised whatever might have been promised at all.

The marriage took place, and the young couple took up their residence with the parents in a house standing at the corner of Silver and Mugwell (now Monkwell) street, London, where Shakespeare continued as a lodger. This house was within three or four minutes' walk of the residence of Hemings and Condell, editors of the Folio of 1623, and within a short distance of the houses of Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker. The mother-in-law in this case appears to have the benign influence upon the young couple. For when Madame Mountjoye according, to the parish register examined by Professor Wallace, died in October, 1608, matters took a sad turn in the affairs of Beloit and his father-in-law. Belott and his wife left the paternal household and took a chamber in the inn of George Wilkins, whom Dr. Wallace identifies as the Dramatist with whom Shakespeare is believed to have sometimes collaborated.

Six years elapsed, the £50 dower was not paid. Belott sued his father-in-law for the fulfillment of his promises touching the £50 dower and the

household goods, and set up a claim to £200 of Mountjoye's general possessions.

In the absence of the pleadings in the remarkable litigation which followed, it is hard to understand how Belott could have maintained a chancery suit to compel his father-in-law to make a gift causa mortis or to draw a Will. However a suit of some sort was begun and tried upon Interrogatories. And it is these interrogatories and the various depositions taken in response to them, that Dr. Wallace has discovered. They run as follows, and tell the story above outlined somewhat more circumspectly.

Interrogatories to be mynistered to witnesses to be produced on the parte and behalf of Stephen Belott Compl. against Christopher Mountioye Def.

Jmprimis whether doe you knowe the parties pl. and def. and howe longe haue you knowne them and either of them.

Jtem whether did you knowe the Compl. when he was servant wth the said def. howe and in what sort did he behaue himselfe in the service of the said deft. and whether did not the said deft. Confesse that hee had got great *p*rofitt and Comodytie by the service of the said Complt.

Jtem whether did not the said deft. seeme to beare great good will and affeccone towarde*s* the said Complt. during the time of his said service and what report did he then giue of the said Compl. touching his said service and whether did not the said deft. make a mocon vnto the said Compl. of marriage wth the said Mary in the Bill menconed being the said de*fendantes* sole Child and daughter and willingly offer to p*er*forme the same yf the said Complt. should seeme to be content and well lyke thereof, and whether did not hee lykewise send anie p*er*son or noe to p*er*swade the said Compl*ainant* to the same, declare the truthe of yo^{r} knowledg herin.

Jtem what some or somes of moneye did the said def. p*ro*mise to giue the said Compl. for a porcon in marriage wth the said Marye his daughter whether the some of threscore pound or what other somme as you knowe or haue hard and when was the same to bee paied whether at the daie of Marriage of the said Compl. and the said Marye or whath other tyme and what further porcon did the said deft. p*ro*mise to giue vnto the said Compl.

w^th^ the said Marye at the tyme of his decease whether the some twoe hundred pound*es* or what other somes and whether vppon the said p*er*swacones and promisses of the said deft. did not the said Complt. shortly after marrye w^th^ her the said Marye declare the truthe herin as you knowe verylie beleeve or haue Credybly hard.

Item what p*ar*cells of good*es* or houshold stuffe did the defend. promise to geue vnto the Complt. in Marriadge w^th^ his said wiefe. And what p*ar*cells of good*es* did he geue him in Marriage w^th^ his said wyffe, did he not geue them these p*ar*cells (vizt.) One ould ffether-bed, one oulde ffether boulster. A flocke boulster, a thine greene Rugg, two ordanarie blanckett*es* woven, two paire sheetes, A dozine of napkines of Course Dyap*er,* twoe short table Clothes, six short Towelles & one longe one, An ould drawinge table, two ould Joyned stooles, one Wainscott Cubberd, one Twistinge wheele of woode, twoe paire of litle Scyssers, one ould Truncke and a like old Trunke one Bobbine box, And what you doe thinke in your Conscience all these said parcels might be worth at the time they were delivered bt the Defendants appointment to ye Plaintiffes Declarecthe truthe herein at Lardge.

The Return is as follows:

Depositiones Capt apud Westmonasterium undecimo die maij An Regni Jacobi Regis Angl decimo et Scotiae xlv ex parte Stephanii Belott ver Christopherum Mountjoye defendentum

Johane Johnson ye wyffe of Thomas Jolınsone of the Parish of Elinge in ye County of Middlesex basketmaker of the age of forty yeare or thereabouts sworne and examined the day and year abouesaid deposeth and say.

I. To the first Jnterrogatory She knoweth the plain and known him about eight yeare and the defendant about eight yeare

II. To the second Jnterrogatory, this deponent sayth she did knoe the pl when he served the deft And sayeth he behaued him self well and in good sort when he served the defend for she was servant to the defennt at that tyme. But she never heard the def confesse and saye that he had great benefit and Commodytie by the Plaintffs seruice. And more she cannot depose

III. To the thirde Interrogatorie this depon*e*nt sayth that the defend

semmed to beare greate good will and affection towardes the plff when he served him, geuinge him reporte to be A verry good servaunte for pl his service. But that the deft moved the pl to Marrye wth his daughter Marye she knoweth not. But sayth that there was a shewe of goodwill betweene the pl and def daughter Marye wh the defs wyffe did geue Countenaunce vnto and thinke well of. And as shee Remembereth the def did send and prswade one Mr Shakespeare that laye in the house to perswade the pl. to the same Marriadge. And more shee cannot depose.

To the iiijth Jnterrogatory this deponnent sayth shee never herd her the deft. proffer the pl. any some of money in Marriadge [wth] his daughter Marye, but yt was Reported in the house that the pl. was to haue wth her in marriadge the some of ffyftye poundes. but what tyme of paymenᵗ was therof appoynted or agreed vppon shee knoweth not, nor of any promise of any other or further porcon to be payed the pl. eyther at the tyme of marriadge betweene them, or at the tyme of the def. deceas but they after married togeather. And more shee cannott depose.

To the vth Jnterrogatory this deponn. sayth shee knoweth not what parcelles of goodes and houshould stuffe the defend. promissed to geue vnto the pla. in marriadge wth his wyffe. But sayth the deft. gaue in marriadge wth her to the def. the seuerall parcells goodes in the Jnterrogatory mencioned. but the valewe of them she certaynlie knoweth not, but thinketh they were woorth some Eight poundes. or thereaboutes. And more shee cannot depose.

X [Her mark].

Danyell Nycholas of the parishe of Sct: Olphadge wthin Criplegate London gent of the Age of ffyftye twoe yeres or theraboutes sworne and examyned the daye and yere aboue said deposeth and sayth

I. To the ffirste Jnterrogatory this deponn. sayth he hath knowne the pl. about twenty yeres and def. about twelue yeres

II. To the seconde Jnterr. this deponnent sayth he knewe the pl. servaunte vnto the def. who behaved him selfe verry well in the defendantes service for any thinge he euer herd to the contrary. And hath herd that the deft. proffited well by plaints services for anything he euer with him. And more he cannot depose.

III. To the third Interrogatory this deponent sayth he herd one Wm. Shakespeare says that the def. did bear A good opinion of the plaintiff and affected him well when he served him And did move the plain. by him the said Shakespeare to haue marriadge between his daughter Marye Mountjoie and the plaintiff. And for that purpose did sent him the said Sh to the Plff. to perswade the plain. to the same, as Shakespeare tould him this deponn*ent* was effected and Solempnized vppon p*r*omise of a porc*i*on with her. And more he cannot depose.|

IV. To the iiijth Jnterr*ogatory* this deponn*ent* sayth that the pl*aintiff* did Requeste him this deponn*ent* to goe wth his wyffe to Shakespere to vnd*er*stande the truthe howe muche and what the de*fendant* did promise bestowe on his daughter in marriadge wth him the pl*aintiff*, who did soe. And askinge Shakespeare th*er*of, he Answered that he promissed yf the pl*ff*. would marrye Marye his the onlye daughter, he the defend*ant* would by his p*r*omise as he Remembered geue the pla wth her in marriage about the some of ffyftye pound*es* in money and Certayne Houshould stuffe.

V. And more he cannot depose touchings the said Jnterr*ogatory* to his Rememberaunce for he remembereth not any daye sett downe for paym*en*^{t} of the porcion or deliu*er*ye of the household Stuffe, but only that he would geue her soe much at the tyme of her marriadge.

VI. To the vth Jnterr*ogatory* this deponn*ent* Can saye nothinge more then he hath alreddye deposed.

Daniell Nicholas

[Recalled.]

I. To the iiijth Interr*ogy*. this deponn*ent* sayth that the defendt. did never send him this deponn*ent* vnto the Complt. to make moc*i*on of Marriadge betwixte the Complat and the said Marye Mountioye beinge the defendantes sole daughter and Childe but M^{r} William Shakespeare tould him this deponn*ent* that the defend*ant* sent him the said M^{r} Shakespeare to the plai. about suche A marriadge to be hadd betweene them. And Shakespeare tould this depon*ent* that the defen. tould him that yf the pla would Marrye the said Marye his daughter he would geue hime the pl*f*. A some of money wth her for A porc*i*on in Marriadge wth her. And that yf he the pl. did not marry wth her the said Marye and shee the pla*ff* shee should never coste him the deft, her ffather A groat, wherevppon And in Regard M^{r} Shakespeare hadd tould them that they should haue A some of money for A porcion from the fath*er* they weare made suer by M^{r} Shakespeare by geuinge there Consent, and

agreed to Marrye, [*geuinge eache others hand to the hande* stricken out in the original] And did Marrye. But what some yt was that M^r^ Mountyoye p*ro*mised to geue them he the said M^r^ Shakespeare could not remember, but said yt was ffyftye pound*es* or or th*er*aboute*s* to his beste Remembrance. And as he Remember*i*th M^r^ Shakespeare said he p*ro*mised to geue them A porc*i*on of his goode*s*: but what, or to what valewe he Rememberithe not And more he Cannott depose.

The third deposition, coming before the recall of witness Daniel Nichols, is that of Shakespeare himself. It is given in fac-simile as our Frontispiece. The original has now been mounted and glazed for exhibition at the Public Records Office in London. It reads as follows: William Shakespeare of Stratford super Avon in the County of Warwick Gentleman of the age of forty-eight years or thereabouts sworn and examined the day and year abovesaid deposeth and sayeth

I. To the first interrogatory this deponeth saith that he knoweth the parties plaintiff and defendant and hath known them both as he now remembereth for the space of ten years or thereabouts

II. To the second interrogatory this deponent saith that he did know the complainant when he was defendant's servant and that during the time of his said service with defendant, he said complainant to this deponents knowledge did well and honestly behave himself, but to this deponents remembrance he hath not heard defendant confess that he hath got any great profit and commodity by the service of said complainant, but this deponent saith he verily thinketh that said complainant was a very good and industrious servant in the said service and more he cannot depose to said interrogatory

III. To the third interrogatory deponent saith that it did evidently appear that said deponent did all the time of said complainants service with him bear and show great good will and affection towards said complainant, and that he hath heard defendant and his wife divers and sundry times say and report that complainant was a very honest fellow. And this deponent saith that defendant did make a motion unto the complainant of marriage with the said Mary mentioned in the Bill herein being the defendant's sole child and daughter and willingly offered to perform the same if the complainant should be content and well like thereof. And this deponent further saith that defendant aforesaid his wife did solicit and entreat this deponent to move and persuade the complainant thereunto And more to this interrogatory he cannot depose.

IV. To the fourth interrogatory this deponent saith that the defendant promised to give the said complainant a portion in marriage with his said daughter Mary. But what certain portion he remembereth not, nor when to be paid nor knoweth that defendant promised the plaintiff two hundred pounds with his daughter at the time of said defendants decease But saith that the complainant was dwelling with the defendant in defendants house And that they had amongst themselves many conferences about their marriage afterwards consummated and solemnized And more to this interrogatory he cannot depose

V. To the fifth interrogatory this deponent saith that he can say nothing touching any part of said interrogatory for he knoweth not what impliments or necessaries of household stuff the plaintiff gave the defendant in marriage with his daughter Marye. [Signed] WILLM. SHAKS.

After Belott quitted his father-in-law, he himself set up as a tire-maker, and took an apprentice of his own one William Eaton. William Eaton is also served with interrogatories and gives some remarkably hearsay evidence. It will be noticed that he is only administered the third interrogatory, and has to be twice checked, and finally brought up sharply by the Master in Chancery as too willing witnesses are apt to be.

To the III Intrr. this deponent saith he hath herd one Mr. Shakespeare saye that he was sent by the defen. to the plf. to move the plf. to haue a marradge betweene the plf. and the defendts. daughter Marye Mountjoie and herd Mr Shakespeare saye that he was wished by ye deft. to take proffer of a certaine somme that the def. said hee would guie the plf. wth his daughter Marye Mountjoye in marriadge but he had forgot the some [And Mr Shakespeare tould the pla.—this is stricken out and the witness instructed to wind ur with] And more he cannot depose touching the same Interr.

Wm. Eaton.

VI. Not the least interesting and instructive feature of Dr. Wallace's discovery is the new signature which, like the signature to the mortgage deed and the last Will signature, being made under process of Law must be authentic.

In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Volume viii, page 49 seq) we gave plates and enlargements of eigth signatures or assumed signatures, including the Boston Public Library signature the two secured recently by Marsden J. Perry, Esq., and the Gunther signature of which Mr. E. P. Vining's elab-

orate report, tracing it historically from the year 1689 through all its possessors down to Mr. Gunther in 1886 is probably the most elaborate and circumstantial report upon so difficult a question that ever saw light anywhere. The new signature suggests almost all of these, but most closely approaches the mortgage deed signature and the first and second Will signatures. The so-called Rastell and Savare signatures owned by Mr. Perry seem confirmed by it, also though the last named is a bit too faint to yield the same confirmation.

The question as to whether the whole deposition is in Shakespeare's handwriting, which arises in the case of the Will, cannot fortunately be pressed here as by Statute 13, Jac. 1, 1661, depositions must be taken down by the Master or his scrivener from the lips of the witnesses.

The result of these depositions—which are largely hearsay, and which probably the Defendants counsel moved to strike out for that cause—can only be conjectured. It is not improbable that the suit was settled out of court. All that Dr. Wallace has discovered is that the Court ordered a reference and selected as Referee the pastor and or other authorities of the French (i. e. the Huguenot) Church of which both parties were members. This no doubt accounts for the absence of the pleadings and decree from the files. As the Court ordered that the decision of the Church be the decision of the Court, the absence of the decree or of a judgment toll reinforces the suggestion that the matter was probably settled out of Court.

What is to be the effect of this new matter upon our Shakespeare biographies? Who can tell?

At present we Shakespeareans are holding our breath. That after proclaiming for some two hundred and fifty years that all was known about Shakespeare that ever could be known; and writing and re-writing libraries about the smallest item of gossip or alleged gossip, for Dr. Wallace in four years to produce the records of four lawsuits that concerned themselves with Shakespeare or Shakespeare environments is a little bit too stupendous! We shall get used to it in time! As we stated before (Vol. VIII, p. 137) English Shakespeare scholars have not accepted any too graciously the advent of Dr. Wallace, whose patient work has lifted from under their very noses documents of priceless importance while they were contenting themselves with re-writing and re-writing again, and yet again, all that their predecessor Shakespeareans had re-written to tediousness. Language was given us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts. But there are said to be two classes at least that speak the truth. And we fancy that the real sentiment as to

Dr. Wallace in England is about summed up in the following from The London "Evening News":

"The moral of all this is that English scholarship and research has [sic] been once again distanced and humiliated by an industrious stranger. Our wealthy nation cannot afford to waste the price of a single motor-car's upkeep upon such toys! Therefore we have been beaten again even as we were beaten in the race to the North Pole. The Pearys and the Wallaces are at work while we keep our hands in our pockets. Dr. Wallace is at work beside a window in our own Public Record Office, while our own experts are idle."

To our eternal regret Shakespeare did not in his deposition state his occupation, as did "George Wilkins Lisenced Vitualer." If he had only added "Playwright" "or Dramatist" (as indeed would have been the requirement later in English practise!) what reams of yet to accrue controversy would have been prevented? As it is, even Dr. Wallace's fortunate discoveries will not silence the Clenhams or gentlemen, like our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Robert Atwater Smith, who will still "want to know." However certain matters seem to be settled, viz.:

I. By describing himself under oath as "Gentlemen" Shakespeare's social status seems assured. Those were days when it was lese magesté to offend precedence or sumptuary regulations. We have noted elsewhere a case where a Knight was imprisoned for addressing an Earl as "Sir" (quare. What would have happened had Shakespeare addressed either my lord Southampton or my lord Pembroke as "Mr. W. H.?")

II. The spelling is "SHAKESPEARE" and not any other form.

III. By describing himself as "of Stratford on Avon Warwickshire" he identifies himself with the Shakespeare whose grave and monument are in Trinity church and who lived at the great house at New Place. Otherwise a William Shakespeare who did live at New Place might have questioned the descriptive.

For whatever of absolute certainty we get, may the lord make us truly thankful!

CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: DR. CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE. PROFESSOR CHURCHILL OF AMHERST. DR. ISAAC HULL PLATT AND HIS ANAGRAM OUT OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONG WORD. MR. W. H. MALLOCK'S TITLE-PAGE PROOFS OF THE BACON AUTHORSHIP. A FORGOTTEN CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKESPEARE:

GEORGE RUGGLE'S MACARONIC COMEDY—OPENING SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE. DR. INGLEBY FAVORS THE PROJECT—NEW LIGHT UPON MISS DELIA BACON—SHAKESPEARE WAS OF THE OLD FAITH. JOHN PYM YEATMAN. JOHN NEAL AND POE. "MAJOR JACK DOWNING" OF MAINE. MR. DE VINNE'S ESTIMATE OF THE COST OF A FIRST FOLIO. MARK TWAIN. SOME OLD FRIENDS AND YOUTHFUL MEMORIES. JOHN BROUGHAM. LAWRENCE BARRETT. AGNES ETHEL. CLARA MORRIS, AND OTHER COMETS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. SALVE ET VALE!

(Prior chapters ante Vol. IV, 8:VI-41, 95; VII, 33; VIII, 37; IX-1).

In filling up gaps in these memorabilia, I am tempted to touch upon the latest item first, and to record my pleasant privilege of knowing Dr. Charles William Wallace, whose wonderful success in unearthing vestiges of Shakespeare in that mildewed old omnium gatherum, the London Public Records office, has so recently astounded us all. Fortunately Dr. Wallace was created, not only with the zeal and ability of the true scholar, but with—what rarely accompanies them—that mental poise and phlegmatic temperament which enabled him to grin with good-natured impurtability at covert opposition and red-tape, and to patiently clear both away as he proceeds to his results. He has been fortunate, too, in having a competent assistant in his wife and so spared the suspicion of possibly disloyal alien assistants. Most of us are fortunate if we can do our work with plenty of faithful clerks and stenographers, and typists and facilities galore. Dr. Wallace has worked in the midst of annoyance and fussy interruption and has literally drawn his success out of real nettles! His achievements are a blessed contrast to such abject and callow sycophancy (for it is hard to call it anything else) of that recent young Professor Churchill of Amherst college, who described to Germans the hopeless condition of American Shakespeare scholarship brought about by the immortal achievements of the German Shakespeare Society which, by their very magnificence, discouraged emulation over here. (New Shakespeareana, V. 147, VI, 76). I am exceedingly sorry to say an unkind word of anybody living in these memoirs. Like Antony I had rather wrong myself or wrong the dead than I would wrong such honorable men. But, so far, Mr. Churchill's only response to the fault found with his German performance has been to describe those of his fellow-countrymen who criticise him, as "neither scholars nor existing for scholarly purposes (the innuendo being that Mr. Churchill exists for both!) My object in these re-

flections is, however, not Mr. Churchill, but to suggest that, if, no matter what our American scholars accomplish, American College Professors go on teaching generation after generation of undergraduates that no scholarship is worth while, or of the least account, unless it arrives on our shores from some European precinct (from the heart of the Black forest or anywhere, if only European), I see no hope at all for American scholarship. And I submit, in all seriousness, that the hundreds of millions of dollars that our billionaires are pouring out upon American universities are sheer waste of money if the learned professors in those universities calmly go on teaching the youth committed to their lectureships that anything developed therein is Naught.

It is too soon to guess whether Shakespeareans or Baconians will find the more awkward, Dr. Wallaces discovery that Shakespeare lodged at a Wig makers at time that Domine Ward says he was spending at the rate of a thousand a year at New Place! But perhaps it were the wife and daughters who were doing the spending while the lord and master lay at Mountjoie's trying to make both ends meet! Nor was it a lordly billet for the applause, delight and wonder of the stage—the darling of the Court, the alter ego of Southampton, the confidante of State and camp and diplomatic secrets! But here are the facts—not to be dodged this time by the "another gentleman of the same name" plea, for here he is described under oath as "Mr. William Shakespeare, gentleman of Stratford super Avon Warwickshire!" Well it is the whirlgig of time bringing in his revenges indeed when an American scholar crosses half a continent to traverse an ocean to exhibit to Englishmen that which has lain under their very noses for three centuries! Matters that would have solved mountains of doubt and oceans of spilled ink, and saved the good names of Ireland, Cunningham and Collier! But Dieu dispose and the honors were left for Dr. Wallace who came from three thousand miles beyond what was the ultima Thule of Shakespeare's date—the still vexed Bermoothes! Had Shakespeare been a new comer in London nothing would have been more probable than that, desiring lodgings his fellow-townsman Field who had married Jacquenetta Vautrollier, also of a Huguenot family, might have recommended him to take lodgings with the Huguenot Mountjoies. But in 1612 Shakespeare had filled out the limits of achievement—his plays had been the successes of two theatres, his companies had played before the Queen and her court. Southampton had loaned him a thousand pounds! He had flirted with the Queen's maids of honour at least with Mistress

Mary Fytton as well as with his friend Field's wife Jacquenetta, whose name he gave to a none too proper little soubretta in his Loves Labours Lost. We cannot agree with Dr. Wallace that he called his herald of Agincourt Mountjoie after his landlord wig-maker ("tire-maker" as the term was then). But the delicious scenes where the Regal lovers Henry and Kate of France, talk pigeon-French in Henry Fifth might well have been echoes of Shakespeare's own sittings with Jacquenetta Vautrollier and Mary Mountjoie. Mountjoie seems to have been a sort of generic name for a King at Arms in France, just as Rouge Dragon, Garter, Clarinceux, Lyon, etc., were names for an English Roi d' Armes. But anything that turns up in re Shakespeare is always exasperating!

As to the Cryptograms ciphers parallelisms and acrostics, our Baconian friends discover I admit their startling character. But our Baconian friends, I think, forget that in every field of human industry there lurk coincidences that the only safety is to contemplate them, nay, even to expect them, anywhere, and not to be obscessed when one finds the most startling things. No matter how wonderful anything is, there is always something still more wonderful somewheres else!

Not even Mr. Donnelly, with his arithmetical cryptogram, or Mr. Booth, with his Acrostic signatures, can approach the marvelous things that experts can do with a pack of cards, or if either of these gentlemen had simply represented Bacon by the digit 1, and Shakespeare by the digit 9, they could have added the Shakespeare digit to any digit they chose to represent, all or any of the other claimants and they would have brought out the Bacon digit every time. Thus:

$$0 \times 9 + 1 = 1$$
$$1 \times 9 + 2 = 11$$
$$12 \times 9 + 3 = 111$$
$$123 \times 9 + 4 = 1111$$
$$1234 \times 9 + 5 = 11111$$
$$12345 \times 9 + 6 = 111111$$
$$123456 \times 9 + 7 = 1111111$$
$$1234567 \times 9 + 8 = 11111111$$
$$12345678 \times 9 + 9 = 111111111$$
$$123456789 \times 9 + 10 = 1111111111$$

And as for optical illusions, they occur in all fields. In architecture where architects avail themselves of them sometimes to offset actual prob-

lems. The only safety is to expect them. Again, the field of Historic Doubt is absolutely unlimited. Archbishop Whateley's "Historic Doubts as to Napoleon Buonaparte" was only a logical tour de force intended to answer Hume's Dictum that miracles were impossible because they were improbable, by so arranging the story of Napoleon as to demonstrate the improbabilities of sundry facts in his career judged by prior human experience. But there are always substantial errors of statement in any actual chronicle enough to satisfy any tourist of the improbable without arrangement of them. Omar did not set fire to the Alexandrine library, he merely ordered the books distributed among the public baths to be used for fuel (and according to the Nuremberg Chronicle (1493) they served to keep the furnaces going for six months). Moscow was not burned except that the granaries or anything essential to support life were destroyed. It is well not to be obscessed by little things like these. A Colonel Easton of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, surprised the garrison at Ticonderoga (a fortress that was in the habit of surrendering itself whenever its surrender was demanded, and that, like Crown Point, never fired a hostile gun). "I clapped the commandant on the shoulder and demanded his surrender in the name of America and he complied," writes Col. Easton. But several years afterward in Ethan Allen's narrative he described himself as demanding and receiving the surrender in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" (a demand which, if made, dated from May 10th, 1775, before there was any "Continental Congress," and according to Allen himself, who printed an illiterate book, "great Jehovah" was "a Jewish myth." I might be in a position myself to prove that the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly was no Shakespearean, but a poet, since in Sartain's Magazine for January, 1850, on page 16, there is a poem "The Dream" by "Ignatius L. Donnelly." And what volumes could be written upon such a speck of evidence as that).

But nobody goes crazy over the marvels of Mathematics. Why then, in the million of vocables in the First Folio, should nothing suffice but that because somebody has suggested a doubt, multitudes of otherwise sane gentlemen and ladies should select the first folio for figuring out cryptograms and ciphers? The twenty-six or twenty-four letters of the alphabet would have served their purpose quite as well as the first folio.

Something of this sort came into my mind when in the winter of the year 1900 I received a letter, dated from the Players' Club, New York City, signed "Isaac Hull Platt." It enclosed me a pamphlet setting forth that he, Dr. Platt, had discovered that the long word Honorificabilitudinitatibus in Love's Labours Lost, was an anagram, the reading being "Hi ludi, tuiti sibi,

Fr. Bacono nati." "I suppose, like Gallio, you care for none of these things," he wrote. My reply, whatever it was, led to one of the endearing friendships of my life. I have found him the real investigator—the, perhaps too nonchalant—but always the receptive enquirer, who constantly puts jesting Pilate's question, but, unlike Pilate, will patiently await an answer!

Having already drawn down upon myself the wrath of both contestants by remarking that the Bacon ciphers, silly as they were, were no sillier than the Furnivall "verse-tests," I was chary of rising to Dr. Platt's temptation. But I soon met him and discovered his attitude. The long word does indeed occur in many places antecedent to Bacon's date, and even in Bayley's Dictionary is given as legitimate Latinity (meaning "the giving of honour to whom honour is due," or "by the power of making for honour," which Shakespeare might well have translated "Suum quique is our Roman justice"). And it is substantially scribbled upon the Northumberland MSS. fly leaf. When Dr. Platt found it in that scene of the Love's Labours Lost adjacent to such sentences as "I know the man as well as I know you," "Do you understand me, Sir?" "Praise God, I understand well," "Do you see who comes?" "I see and rejoice," "Wherefore?" And (in answer to "Wherefore," come this long word),and most of all, the curious conundrum "What is a-b spelled backward with a horn on his head?" which can only be answered "Bacon." Certainly Dr. Platt or any other searcher after the answer to jesting Pilate's question was as entitled to search the long word with anagramatic impulse as to search in any other direction. The upshot of our meeting was a proposition to de novo debate the whole matter, in which, to bring out the facts, I should assume the orthodox, and Dr. Platt the destructive, position, and we set about preparing for it con amore at once. One of Donnelly's claims for his Arithmetical cipher was that it was proved from the fact that the four folios were identical replicas of each other—all the apparent errors of pagination preserved in order to preserve the cipher in the first folio dependant thereon; and all the typographic eccentricities (hyphens where not needed, etc.) repeated, verb. lit. et punct. through all the four. This, Donnelly submitted, would have been impossible in days when no art of stereotyping existed, had not some watchfulness decreed it to preserve something cryptographic existing in an otherwise senseless state of affairs in the 1623 Folio. The Players' Club possesses original copies of all four folios. And we had them placed in an upper room for our consultation. But five minutes dispelled the claim!

The second folio is apparently printed from the type of the first, the

irregular pagination upon which Donnelly based all his arithmetic and many of the vicious typographics, being corrected. But the third and fourth are each entirely re-set.

With the Donnelly cipher thus cut out (it was the only "cipher" at that time) we determined to urge our Debate to some sort of a compromise. My father, Judge Morgan, used to say that the best lawyer was the lawyer who could compromise a case so that each side would believe that he had gotten the better of the other, and so we proposed a Protocol. And, whatever the rest of mankind think of the so-called Morgan-Platt Protocol (which, by the way, I must admit that neither Dr. Platt nor myself have ever adhered to in our later divagations), it really seems to me a satisfaction of the controversy, and as safely all fours with my old suggestion in the "Myth" of thirty-five years ago, that Shakespeare produced and stage-mounted the plays, taking his material from wherever he saw fit—from the Miracle Plays —the legends and the lore of the friars and monks turned out homeless by King Henry's raid on the religious Houses—from North's Plutarch—from Holinshed, Montaigne, Boccaccio, Bandello! Or even, if he found what he wanted in Bacon, from Bacon himself! Nothing so far discovered by Dr. Wallace makes impossible this suggestion, and Shakespeare is just as much Shakespeare by this theory as was Boucicault, the author of "The Shaughran," although (as Lester Wallack said) the "Shaughran" had in it a little bit of every play that was ever written! Still, for all Dr. Platt's nonchalance, I suspect that he would give all his old boots if Bacon could only be proved to have written Shakespeare."

The first report of our Debate and Protocol was printed in "The Conservator." Within a few weeks there appeared in the Pall Mall Magazine two remarkable papers by W. H. Mallock, who seemed to have suddenly become a Baconian of the Baconians and a Cryptogramatist of Cryptogramatists! Many years before, Edwin Reed's attention had been called to a remarkable title-page to an edition of the Novum Organum (the word "Novum," by the way, is used most unintelligibly with its context, in that very scene in the Love's Labours Lost) which showed Bacon restraining a woman (evidently the Muse of History) not over-clad in a goat's hide, climbing to the summit of what seemed to be Parnassus, and clasping a sealed book! Mr. Reed showed it to me just before starting for Wolfenbuttel to investigate the Manuscripts of the duke of Brunswick, as I have elsewhere related. Mr. Reed says that I exclaimed "Is it possible that your infernal Theory can be true?" Mr. Mallock produced this and seven other title-pages and illustrations from the Gustavus Silenus Crypto-

menytices (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. II, plate IV). These plates we purchased and used in a new Edition of the Debate, which was printed in the April-July, 1900, issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Vol. II, p. 9). But I am informed that Mr. Mallock has since been convicted of sin and is no longer a Baconian.

In an earlier chapter of these memoirs I stated it, as my deduction from the facts, that it was Emerson's lecture on Shakespeare, in which he said that he "could not marry the man to his verse," etc., which led Miss Bacon directly to announce her version of the non-Shakespearean authorship theory. A corrolary of that proposition was, of course, that her insanity was of a period after, and not earlier than, her lectures. [For it is impossible to suppose that her lectures upon History, the renown of which has not even yet been forgotten, should have been delivered by an insane lady or by a lady of unsound intellect.] Still, as there is a goodly number of orthodox people who still maintain that the Delia Bacon Theory came out of an insane mentality, despite the facts that there was a doubt as early as Malone's day, that it appeared in Walpole's writings—in Disraeli's Calamities of Authors, and had been cropping out constantly for years. [The mention of it in Hart's Romance of Yachting, unearthed by Mr. Wyman, I showed was probably also an echo of Emerson.] I was particularly glad to find in the "Springfield Republican" of November 1, 1909, a letter from Mrs. Caroline Healy Dall, a surviving friend of Miss Bacon's, which sanely set out the facts which Donnelly so perfervedly and imperfectly describes in one of the appendices to his monumental folly "The Great Cryptogram," missing, however, the real moral of the story: all of it that really concerns, if it concerns at all, posterity.

Mrs. Dall states that Miss Bacon became engaged to a young Theological student at Yale College, named McWhirter, who was ten years her junior, but very desperately in love with her. McWhirter was a young gentleman of abundant means, but it happened that his father's Will, under which he enjoyed his wealth, provided that if he died unmarried, his fortune should go to students preparing in Yale College for the Congregational ministry. The innuendo is, that the Authorities of Yale had not been unable, by representing to the young theologian that it was inexpedient for him "to marry his grandmother," and by other arguments, to save the bequest to themselves. At any rate, somebody procured the breaking of the engagement on the young man's part, and, as he was by this time a Congregational clergyman, the affair grew into a scandalum theologicum magnatum. A charge of sin was brought before a Council of the Congregational

Church, which was actually composed of Professors in Yale College, and, with great cruelty, Miss Bacon herself was summoned as a witness before this council. The answer of this interesting young theologian was, that Miss Bacon had "entrapped" him, and, ridiculous as it may sound, these fussy old parsons actually put their frosty pols together to look into a love match and construe it, no doubt, according to historical precedents of the days of Jereboham and Rheoboham. Mrs. Dall says that the Council, not without a weather eye to the interests of Yale College, found the young man justified in breaking off the engagement, although Miss Bacon's testimony fully established the fact that it was the young man who sought and pressed for marriage, and that it was Miss Bacon herself who pleaded ineffectually to induce him to give up the match by reason of the disparity of years. As it happened, one of Miss Bacon's nearest friends was Miss Catherine Beecher, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher—a leading Congregational Clergyman of the day—and a sister of the famous Henry Ward Beecher of later renown. Miss Beecher was so indignant at the cruel examination and cross-examination of poor Miss Bacon by a ponderous council of Yale College, which was interested financially to a large amount in the breaking of Miss Bacon's heart, that she (Miss Beecher) left the Congregational communion and joined the Episcopal church, and moreover wrote a book, "Truth Stranger than Fiction," in which she handled the Yale-Congregationalist parsons sans gloves, and—in short—stirred up all New England as only a Beecher can stir up things generally.

Lover's quarrels and broken engagements are not rare. But that a daughter of the great Lyman Beecher should apostasise from the congregation and seek an Episcopal communion, was of ecumenical importance in days when New England drew its meat, drink and oxygen from theological disputations; when the seven points of Calvinism were a recreation, and a heresy trial the public idea of paradise! At any rate, all Theological New England was in a ferment, and poor Miss Bacon went crazy.

It was this, and not Mr. Emerson's teaching that he could not reconcile Shakespeare in his Plays with Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon biography, that led to Miss Bacon's madness. She wrote her book, indeed, after the cataclysm of her affections. But it is unfair to say that the conception of the theory (we have shown that she did not conceive, but acquired it, from Emerson) was the adumbration of a mind diseased. Whatever else it is or is not, we should be fair to the facts!

In or about the year 1884 there was in some quarters considerable agitation of a proposal to open Shakespeare's tomb. Dr. Clement Mansfield

Ingleby (a friend of Dr. Halliwell Phillipps and a Member of the New Shakespeare Society as well as of the New York Shakespeare Society, who is best known for his comprehensive volume on the Collier Forgeries,) rather championed the idea as an aid at least to the Shakespeare Iconography, since enough of the mortal remains might yet have survived to reveal dimensions, if not semblance, of the Dramatist! Dr. Ingleby published a book "Shakespeare's Bones—With Some Accounts of visits from the Living to the Dead" (viz. re-interments, such as that of Schiller under the superintendence of Goethe of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and of several Kings), arguing that there need be no irreverence connected with the proposition. The Baconians—among them Dr. Bucke the friend and biographer of Walt Whitman, were strenuous for it, and Dr. Bucke wrote me several letters asking me to initiate a petition to the proper English authorities to permit the exhumation for literary and memorial purposes. Several other gentlemen (among them a Mr. Deeth, whom I never saw, but who wrote one or more admirable conservative letters to "the Conservator," a monthly journal edited by Mr. Horace Traubel, Whitman's literary executor). In the course of time I answered Dr. Bucke and the proposition at once. I need not add that the Baconians wanted the tomb opened because ever since Miss Delia Bacon's alleged nocturnal attempt to open Shakespeare's "Tomb" the theory had been that the secret of the Bacon authorship would somehow—in some not very clearly defined way—would be by the exhumation revealed. And Mr. William D. O'Connor (who was always én tapis for anything crazy or ridiculous, and who could never entertain but one idea at a time on any subject, was actually under uncontrolable obcession at the prospect)! Thus appealed to, and mostly because at least Dr. Ingleby was sane, if the others were not, I prepared a brief which I suppose was the last of it. I mentioned in the first place that Shakespeare was not buried in a "Tomb" at all, but in an ordinary grave dug in the loam under the chancel pavement, and so that the story told by the old sexton to Washington Irving (the Sketch Book—Startford-on-Avon), that he (the sexton) in digging a grave adjoining Shakespeare's had accidentally broken in a bit of the wall and, looking in, had seen nothing but a handfull of dust—(upon which Irving comments, "It was something I thought to have seen the dust of Shakespeare!)" was pure fiction. (No grave has ever been dug next to Shakespeare's anyhow!) Again the surface of the pavement of the chancel of Trinity Church is barely seven feet above the level of the river Avon that laves its terrace in the rear, and that, therefore, nothing—either the manuscripts that Miss Bacon is said to have sought,

or the mortal remains of a person there interred, could have remained intact, in loam, hard by a river for three centuries—and so that even if it were possible to get all the authorities—the English Crown—the Diosecan, the Vicar, the Wardens and Vestry, Dean and Chapter, and so on ad finitum to concur in permission to dig there, nothing physical or material could possibly ensue. I may mention as another proof of the half-cocked vagaries of Mr. Donnelly, that he asserts in his book that Shakespeare's grave was dug twenty-six feet deep for some unexplained reason. He found that statement in a letter which Dr. Halliwell Philipps (who kept a standing advertisement in the English newspapers for contemporary MSS. touching Shakespeare matters) had unearthed, which made such an assertion. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps gave the letter for what it was worth, and a moment's reflection should have shown Mr. Donnelly that to dig a grave in Trinity Chancel twenty-six feet below the level of the Avon would have necessitated the use of hydraulic machinery—pumps and cassions, and what not,—in the Church itself, and that these old sextons who remembered under the stimulus of two and sixpence, such extraordinary things for tourists consumption, would not have forgotten such an occasion as hydraulic rams in the Collegiate church even if hydraulic machinery had been invented or existant in Stratford town in those days which it had not been! As I have never heard of the project since, I suppose my brief disposed of it. The only thing that might, in the cause of Shakespearean chronicle, be done, would be to carefully lift the present slab—with the "Good frend, etc.," inscription—and examine the original slab so inscribed, which sank about seventy years ago and over upon which, without disturbing it, the present slab, was superimposed.

I suppose I might mention while upon the subject that the late Charles Flower, once Mayor of Stratford, told me that the yarn about Miss Bacon having visited the Church at midnight and attempting to move the stone over Shakespeare's grave was not only a fiction, but absolutely impossible. The Church was hermetically sealed at night—could only be entered burglariously with jimmies. The stone weighed at least half a ton and was imbedded in mortar forty or fifty years old. Crazy as Miss Bacon might have been, she would about as soon have attempted to carry off the Church as to open that grave, and if she had opened it she would have only found another stone to remove. As a matter of fact nothing of the sort was ever attempted, nor did Miss Bacon ever leave her lodgings at midnight during her residence in Stratford-on-Avon. And yet, somehow or other, the story existed, and the very first time I ever heard of Bacon, or of Bacon-Shakes-

peare matters was once, when I could not have been ten years old, I heard my father tell somebody that a Miss Bacon, of Connecticut, had tried to open Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon!

In my early days in New York City the Quai Voltaire of the United States was Nassau Street from Pine to Beekman streets. Here every shop or so on both sides of the street was an old book store. I haunted the street all day in my first enthusiasm at actually seeing the books of which I had learned the names in my College lectures on English literature. I used to wonder if among all these hundreds of persons who inspected these volumes exposed for sale there were any purchasers. The most interesting old bookseller of all was William Gowans, a tall, gaunt man, who had a shop extending from the west side of Nassau street to an alley in the rear. The interior was not only lined but packed with books; stacks of them dumped on the floors and on the counters, heaps in disorder. It was common opinion that nobody knew, least of all old Gowans himself, what books were on his premises. It was said that mischievous little boys would sneak around into the alley, grab a lot of Gowans's own books, and come around and sell them to him in the front! At any rate, he was reputed to be a book-miser, and to much more willingly buy than sell books. I know I once asked him if he had a copy of Frankenstein (Mrs. Shelley's novel) and he said "come around to-morrow or next day." When I called again he seemed rather disappointed, but showed me a copy, and was very much interested to talk about the scarceness of that particular edition, etc. But when I wanted to buy it he said he didn't know what it was worth and that he would have to think about it!" (I never was able to buy it.) But one book I did buy of him. And thereby hangs a tale.

When in college I had kept scrap books. Those were days when daily newspapers were not as now, scrap books, dealing not only with the news of the day, but with bits of everything. One of the features of my scraps, it seemed, was a number of the curious things called "Macaronics," that is, doggerel, vers-de-societe, or trivial poems, in more than one language. I found in Gowan's place a slim book scarcely twenty pages in stiff cover, "Sandy's Specimens of Macaronic Poetry." Remembering that I already had a lot of these in my scrap-books, it occurred to me to make a book myself. If Sandy's, why not Morgan's "Specimens?" Cherchez et vous le trouvera! When I seriously began to search, I found them everywhere, dozens in rummaging in the Astor Library where Frederick Sanders, the Librarian, gave me an alcove privilege and used to bring me anything of the Macaronic sort that he found (and I suspected that his interest came from

his own two little books "Salad for the Social" and "Salad for the Solitary" (which he afterwards put into one volume, "Salad for the Social and the Solitary." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent me several which even my enthusiasm could not make me forget that the proprieties would prevent my using. Richard B. Kimball, then returned from a sojourn as U. S. Consul at Paris, where he wrote "St. Leger" and "Romance of Student Life in Paris" (two books worthier to have lived than many later books that have lived)—furnished me several. Through a reference to it in Sandy's, I set out on a hunt for an entire comedy written in Macaronic Latin, English and French, "Ignoramus," by George Ruggle. Sandy's book did not refer to the circumstances or the occasion of its composition. But I can tell the story here, and not only Shakespeare students, but lawyers, ought to be marvellously interested in it. This is the story.

On November 3, 1575, there was baptized at Lavenham, in Suffolk, England, George, fifth and youngest son of Thomas Ruggle, a tailor. This George after passing through the Lavenham Grammar school matriculated at Cambridge. June 2, 1589, he takes a scholarship at Trinity college of that University and thereafter is A.M. and A.B. and finally a "Taxer" of thereof. In 1605 upon the occasion of a visit of King James to that University he was made A.M. of Oxford also. In the year 1611-12, there arose a dispute at Cambridge as to whether the Mayor and the town or the Vice Chancellor of the University should take Precedence, and the dispute was carried into the local Court of the shire.

The Mayor employed a London barrister, Francis Brackin. The Vice Chancellor entrusted his side to Ruggle, who won it. At this time all law pleadings and probably all arguments were in the barborous Law Latin of the time a jargon made up of Norman French a little English and of much dog. Latin (quite arbitrarily, as it would seem, as for instance a writ of 1632 is issued "de negligentii pipum vini carrienda," that is, for damages for negligently carrying a pipe of wine). Mr. Ruggle could not, with his accurate university scholarship fail to be impressed with Mr. Brackin's very professional pleadings, and it occurred to him to utter a Lampoon upon Law latimity and upon Lawyers generally. He produced a Comedy written in absurd Macaronic travesty, if it could be travestied, of this law-Latin, which he named "Ignoramus" the title roll being delineation of Mr. Francis Brackin himself, but the Comedy itself being along conventional lines, with men and women—a love story—etc., etc.

On the evening of March 9, 1635, on the occasion of a visit of King James to Cambridge the Comedy was performed by students in the Royal

presence. One John Chamberlain, writing of the matter, says, "the play was full of mirth and variety with many excellent actors, but more than half spoiled by its extreme length of six hours." Again, in the same year, at another Royal visit the play was performed on the evening of May 13th, having been made still longer by a Prologue, spoken by "Davus Dromo," one of the characters.

That the King should a second time attend this lampoon upon the legal profession was resented in London. To quote Chamberlain again: "The second audience of the king so nettled the London lawyers that they are almost out of all patience and my lord Chief Justice Coke both openly at the King's Bench and in divers other places hath galled and glanced at scholars with much bitterness. And there be divers Inns of Court men have made rhymes and ballads against them which they have answered sharply enough, and, to say truth, it was a scandal rather taken than given. For what profession is there in which some particular person may not be charged without imputation on the whole?" Of these "Rhymes and Ballads" one was addressed "To the Comedians of Cambridge who in three acts before the King abused the Lawyers with an imposed Ignoramus." Another was "The Souldiers counterbluff to the Cambridge Interludians of Ignoramus" (Harleian MSS. No. 5191). Another was "A Modest and Temperate Report of the Schollars of Cambridge for slandering Lawyers with that barbarous and gross title, 'Ignoramus.'" This spoke of the many learned and just men, such as Sir Francis Bacon, who are Lawyers, "The Case and Argument against Sir Ignoramus of Cambridge," London, 1648, shows that the feeling between the lawyers and the students did not very soon subside, and, in that year, the poet Cowley cautions poets "not to quarrel with scholare and another 'Ignoramus' make."

Editions of Ignoramus were many. They are dated respectively 1659, 1707, 1731, 1736 (Dublin), and 1737. The edition of 1787 is elaborately edited by Hawkins. Besides these there are translations by Coddington and Ravenscroft, the latter under title "The English Lawyer." The editions of 1631 and 1637 carry an Introduction and a fifth act by some other hand written for the students at Westminster school, where for many years it was customary to produce the play, performances there being recorded almost annually up to as late as 1787. I was fortunate enough to secure an ed copy of the edition of 1737, the rubicated title page of which runs IGNORAMUS| COMOEDIA|| coram Rex JACOBO PRIMO et Totius Angliae Magnatibus| ab ACADEMICIS CAntabrigiensibus| habita Auctore

Mro RUGGLE Aulae Clarensis M|A| Editio prioribus omnibus emendiator| WESTMONASTERII MDCCXXXVII|.

In my Specimens of Macaronic Poetry (Hurd and Houghton, New York, 1872) I give abundant samples of this capital book of Ruggles, which undoubtedly Shakespeare saw and enjoyed since it was town talk in London in his day. (It ought to be reprinted for the enjoyment of the Lawyers to-day and I am rather sure it is to be.)

But it would unduly trespass upon my limited space here to largely quote—the Marriage settlement which Ignoramus makes upon Rosabella runs thus:

Si possem vellam pro te Rosa, ponere pellem:
Quidquid tu vis crava et habebis singula brava;
Et dabo, fee simple, si monstras love's pretty dimple.
Gownas silkcoatas, kirtellos et petticoates,
Farthingales bigges, stomacheres et periwiggos
Pantofflos, cuffos garteros Spanica rufflos.
Buscos et soccos tifanas et Cambrica smockos
Pimpillos, pursos, ad ludos ibis et ursos (anglice Bear Garden)
Annon haec sunt bona in lege—

The dialogue runs like this:

IGNORAMUS Quota est clocka nunc?

DULMAN Est inter octo et nina.

IGNORAMUS Inter octo et nina! Ite igitur ad mansorium cum baggis et rotulis. Quid it est videam hoc instrumentam mane petit dum calceo spectacula super nasum? O, ho, ho, scio jam! Haec indentura facta &c inter Rogerium Rattledoke de Caxton in comitatu Brecknocke &c O, ho, Richard Fen adsum John Den. O, ho! Buzzard Plaintiff, adversus Peakegoose-defendant. O, ho! vide hic est defaulta literae! Emenda, emenda! nam in nostra lege una comma evertittotum Placitum Ite jam copiate tu hoc ingrossa—tu Universitatis trussate sumptoriam po pro journea." Et comme ca! It is outrageous to so lampoon the stately Latin. But it doubtless had its effect, and the absurd macaronicism of the Law jargon may have dated the beginning of its disappearance from Ruggle's comedy.

To the episode of my Macaronic Poetry I assign my privilege of meeting Mr. Henry O. Houghton the noblest and courtliest and kindest gentleman I have ever known. And it was to his friendship that we owe the existence of the Bankside Shakespeare, my summa bona. Without his

friendship for, and his faith in, me such an illustrious work could never have been accomplished. Bold as he was to typographical possibilities he hesitated when I outlined to him the plan of that work, but he said, "That is a very ambitious plan But if you will do your best we will do ours!" Each of us did the best and The Riverside Press has never exceeded its work on the New York Shakespeare Society's Bankside Shakespeare, in which the first and last sixteenth-Century texts of Shakespeare's Plays: errors, logotypes and all, there stand paralleled for studious and scholarly comparison!

One day when the Bankside was being printed the New York House of Houghton, Miffln and Company wired me to see Mr. Miffln at the Grand Central Station at a certain train on an important matter. I went up there wondering how I was to know Mr. Mifflin whom I could not recall except that I had met him for a moment at Riverside more than twenty years before. To my surprise, he came up and addressed me by name. When I asked him how he knew me, he said, "They told me to watch for a man that looked like Aldrich" (meaning the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich) When I met Mr. Aldrich at the Booth-Daly dinner, I told him the story. We stood up together before one of the big mirrors in the great Delmonico dining room and certainly we were twins indeed; not only in physiognomy but in figure build and I believe avoirdupois. We were even, I believe, born in the two nearest neighboring towns of New England; he in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and I in Portland, Maine,—which were—and are to-day I believe—almost twin cities.

I was born at No. 3 Gray Street, Portland, Maine, in "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea" a stone's throw from the house where the poet Longfellow (whose second wife was a cousin of my mother's) was born. Portland was the home of many distinguished men in my childhood. I remember walking out with my grandfather, General James Appleton, a soldier of the war of 1812; of standing holding his hand when he reviewed one-fourth of July the soldiers from Fort Preble and of his presenting me to John Neal, then a considerable literary character. Mr. Neal, I remember as the blackest gentleman I had ever seen. He was dressed in black, cap apie, black clothes hat, gloves and stock in lieu of collar. That he was a literary power of his day seems vivid when he could write such a letter as this to Poe (I copy from the original which came into my hands amongst other Poe memorabilia at the time I founded Poe Park (ante, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. VII, p. 19).

The letter is postmarked Portland, Me., June 9, 1840, and is as follows:

Portland, June 8, 1840.

My Dear Sir—Yours of June 4 directed to New York reached me but yesterday. I am glad to hear of your new enterprise & hope it may be all that you desire, but I cannot help you. I have done with the newspapers—have abandoned the journals—and have involved so many of my friends of late by becoming editor or associate editor of so many different things for a few months at a time—and always against my will that I haven't the face to ask any person to subscribe for anything on earth. But as I have said before I wish you success &—to prove it—allow me to caution you against a style which I observe to my great alarm is prevailing at the South. You say "I will be pardoned" for "I shall be pardoned," "For assurance that I will fulfil," &c. Are you Irish? The well-educated Irish I mean. They always make this mistake & the South too sometimes, and you I am persuaded are either connected by blood or habits with the Irish of the South. Forgive me this liberty I pray you, & take it for granted that I should not complain of these two little words if I had anything else to complain of.

Yours truly,

John Neal.

Mr. Edgar A. Poe, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another letter postmarked June 9, 1846, at Phillipps, Maine, is before me and I copy it here because I have not seen it in any of the Biographies so far, and because it contains an echo of what may have been contemporary criticism:

Phillipps, June 9, 1846.

Sir—I ought perhaps to have immediately acknowledged the receipt of your letter enclosing my money. I now gladly do so and still more gladly own you a gentleman throughout the whole business, although, with some reason as you will admit, I half believed for a while that you were playing the rogue. Well, I have the long wished for Poems by Edgar A. Poe, Esq. I am pleased to see them in just the plain neat dress that they are in. I hope soon to meet with the remainder of your tales, your essays and criticisms and that—what shall I entitle it?—that work on the New York Literati from the same library of American Books. I don't believe the Raven can be beat in versification and but a precious little beyond it to my mind can anything go in beauty of conception. Isn't there a false idea though in this? "whose faint footfalls *tinkled* on the *tufted* floor?" I don't see anything very irrelevant in the last stanza and that Hartford Review

man was a fool to think that he could. There might be more ways than one fixed so that the lamplight streaming on the Raven would cast a shadow on the floor within the room. And it might be explained without the aid of Waldo Emerson. There is as much poetry (to me) in "The Valley of Unrest," barring perhaps the four first lines—in The Sleeper and The City in the Sea as in any pieces of the same length which the volume contains. I can see vividly as in a nightmare those trees stirred by no wind that palpitate like the chill seas around the misty Hebrides. Passingly sad yet soothing is the whole tone about the Sleeper. It almost sets the brain whirling to read the City in The Sea. Why didn't you give us more scenes from Politan? That Magazine I'll take if you please.

G. W. Eveleth.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq., City New York, N. Y.

Both these letters bear the evidence of their passage through the mails, being not only postmarked but marked with the rate—twenty-five and ten cents respectively on the outer sheet folded in lieu of envelope.

And the City of Portland is entitled to another memory too, that is of considerable interest. I think I have already remarked that since our earliest settlers were contemporaries of Shakespeare and heard the la vernacular that he heard spoken, they brought that vernacular to these shores. And that these first settlers, and for a long time their descendants, being isolated from books and cultivative influences would, and did, naturally, better preserve that vernacular than it would be preserved even in England itself. It happened, in the year 1830, that in Portland a gentleman, Seba Smith by name, had begun to edit and print a small local newspaper there. Searching for material to fill it, he happened to attend a session of the Maine Legislature then held in Portland. While sitting there it occurred to him to report its sessions as they would strike a raw backwoodsman.

He invented a backwoods youth "Jack Downing" and printed humorous reports of the sessions in the form of letters which this Jack Downing "writ to the folks to hum." These Downing letters proved a success and were largely read in there limited vicinity. At about that time occurred the rupture in President Jackson's Cabinet—its members resigning for divers alleged reasons, but really as it was understood because the wives of the Cabinet objected to a certain Mrs. Eaton, wife of General Eaton of Derne renown, which lady although a favorite of President Jackson's was not supposed by the Cabinet ladies to have always been any better than she

should have been!) It instantly occurred to Mr. Smith that these Jack Downing letters could be made of national as well as of local interest. So Jack Downing writes home that he is indignant that President Jackson should be deserted by his cabinet, and that he, Jack Downing himself will go to Washington and be Jackson's Cabinet all by himself. Accordingly he starts at once for the Capital. President Jackson welcomes him. Jack —now commissioned Major Jack Downing, becomes the President's adviser in all political and social matters, etc. It can readily be seen what an opportunity for smart and sage comments upon public matters and politics. (The United States Bank affairs, etc., ran high just then) this humorous framework afforded, and the Major Jack Downing letters were a huge success everywhere, quite duplicating Artemus Ward (he Mr. C. F. Browne was also a native of Maine) or even more, the fun of "Petroleum V. Nasby," which President Lincoln enjoyed. But the enduring point—surviving the dead history of party squabble—is, that these letters are written in the backwoods "Yankee" dialect of a disappeared civilization, and that the student of history in words or even the serious lexicographer as well as the preserver of Americanisms, must to-day go to these Major Jack Downing letters, since he can go nowhere else for his authority. A catalogue of these Yankeeisms will, and does, reveal many actual unconscious Shakespeareanisms used in the plays themselves. The same is true, as the late Col. Elam (a member of the New York Shakespeare Society from Virginia) has shown, of the negro dialect of the South. For the negro from generation to generation of course preserved the first speech he imitated from his first masters. The New England Yankee has departed forever. The negro patois may yet be traced perhaps. And if traced, many real Shakespeareanisms, such as "burn daylight" will be found. (In at least one instance under my own experience, we discovered the meaning of a vocable by means of Major Jack Downing. The question was asked me as a native of Maine if I could find out what "niggering" logs meant in the statement "We niggered the logs." I found that to "nigger" logs was to save the labor of chopping them into lengths, by piling them up, crossed at points where it was desired to separate them. By building fires under these crossings several logs could be burned into sections at once. Because "a nigger" was supposed to be lazy, this lazy man's way of cutting logs into lengths was, naturally enough called "niggering." If there is any practical purpose in by-the-way information like this, then I can see some practical use of literature after all! There is not much use of tons of it otherwise, unless to make what Poe called "trunk paper!"

"Macaronic Poetry" was not my only book on the side as the saying is. To register a confession I once wrote a novel.

But I did not have to hunt for a publisher. I was legal adviser to a publisher and confided to him that I had a tale and wanted to tell it. He said, "go ahead"— The tale was prepared in chapters and sent to his printers. At just the time it had been stereotyped, the stereotypers failed and I happened to be appointed Receiver of the establishment. So I actually sold to a publisher of works of fiction the plates of my own novel! One day (to tell the truth it was my wedding day, and the place was New Orleans!) I received by mail a copy of a certain New York daily newspaper in which was a five-column notice of this novel with copious extracts, and there was this suggestion as to the author, "Whoever he is, his success will lead him to write another, and his secret will then be out." When my wife and I reached Washington I found at the Arlington a copy of the book awaiting me. After dinner I read it aloud to my wife. As it happened I had told in it an incident of which only my wife and I could have known, and had forgotten that it was there. So I stumbled upon it and was accused point blank of the authorship. Of course I had protested, but it was no use and the secret was writ in my face! But my wife agreed to faithfully keep my secret, and she did until her death. Some months after returning to New York City from my wedding trip, I happened to meet the publisher of the story at some public dinner, and he said to me: "John Brougham is always coming into our place and carrying off armfuls of novels in searching for material to make into plays. Among others he took the one you have the copyright of. (It had turned out to be a "best seller")—and he wants to see you, I said: "I should be charmed to meet Mr. Brougham for any purpose. Pursuant I did meet him in his parlour at (I think) the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was just the same off the stage as upon it. After talking anying but shop he took up my book, and flipping over a leaf or two mechanically, he slapped it on the table saying, "Mr. Morgan you're too sombre. You're too sombre," and said he had read it. "But," said I, in my character of Receiver, "I am not the author." "Oh, certainly not," he replied, "You fellows that write books never are." And so, the ice being broken, we got along famously. All the same he did not make a play out of my novel.

More droll speeches and stories that have passed into common property were actually original with Brougham than can ever be estimated. For instance, the one that has been hitched to so many, but which he tacked to Lester Wallack, and which Mr. Wallack laughed at with the rest, but did not wholly enjoy. I mean the story about Wallack's application to St.

Peter for admission to heaven, which was denied because actors were not admitted there. But which was reconsidered on the plea that "Lester Wallack was no actor!"

Brougham's greatest success (I am speaking, of course, only of that part of his career, of which I happened to know) was his burlesque on the episode of Powhatan and Captain John Smith in 1607. "Pocahontas."

All the world went and his wife went to see "Pocahontas." One of its alliterations

> Well roared my royal Tuscaroras
> Most jolly corps your king encores the chorus

became a town catch just as, in the days of "The Black Crook," one heard anywhere "There's blood upon the face of the moon, our queen's in danger!" The Black Crook by the way is supposed to have perpetuated itself on the stage as few plays ever have done, by its spectacular naughtiness. But it was something more than naughty. It was written in a really sonorous and ear-filling diction. Such lines as "Grant me to live, dread Master!" were not the usual garb of catchpenny stagecraft!)

Brougham was not only a wit himself, but a cause of wit in others. Unlike Boucicault, who was bitter and sarcastic off the stage, Brougham bubbled with fun both on the stage and off! On one evening during the run of "Pocahontas" the leading lady ("Pocahontas" herself) disappeared at the last moment. There was no understudy and it occurred to Brougham to fill her part by the aid of what he remembered of her part and his ready wit. The Manager announced the unfortunate disappearance to the house with the usual offer of money back at the box office, but added "otherwise with your permission, Messrs. Brougham and Walcott' will attempt to fill Miss Hodson's part. The announcement was met with screams of delight, and that audience saw, what never could be done again on any stage. When Brougham would make a speech that called for a response from Pocahontas he would say "Pokey," were she present, would say—"And then Walcott would say—And if she did, I would say"—and this went on interspersed with the impromptu jokes of Brougham until the audience's sides were sore. "Where is Pokey anyhow?" "Frozen on an iceberg in Broadway," and so on! When the time came to give Pocahontas in marriage Brougham seized a broomstick from the wings somewhere and forcing it on the blushing bridegroom cried "there she is, take her my boy and be happy!" Thousands of people came to see the fun repeated, but of course it would have staled in another night. And a Pocahontas was duly provided thereafter.

As the Cadi, in "The Veteran," I think that if possible Brougham was funnier than anywhere else. In trying the cow case, where the arguments for plaintiff and defendant respectively were in bags of coffee and of figs the Cadi wavers and cogitates until there are mountains of figs on one side of him and of coffee on the other, and then when he learns that the cow is an exceptionally good milker and, pending a determination of the case, has been sent to his honorable stables—he announces that "Coort is closed and the Courrt resarves its decision!" "Alas poor Yorick," seems to me the epitaph I should write on all these wonderful actors who have done so much to make our lives tolerable!

In dismissing the chronicle of my printer's ink days I may urge that no Copyright law that I ever heard of is worth the paper it is printed on. Especially in our English language, but surely to some extent in any other one could and does if he sees fit, paraphrase, and no law can prevent that. As long as one can say either, "the sun rises" or the "orb of day ascends the horizon": that evidence is inadmissible," or "such testimony cannot be received," where is there any protection? I once wrote a treatise on Copyright, and it was reproduced exactly by this sort of paraphrase, perhaps making my chapter one, his chapter ten, etc., etc., and I had no redress. Even my attack on the old time theory of the courts, that piracy if achieved by memorization was no piracy at all, since the faculty of memory could not be enjoined. (This was the dictum of Buller, J., in Macklin v. Richardson. Amb. 604.)

My argument was that the delicacy of the method of a piracy ought not to protect against damages for the results of the piracy, and I believe it has come to be the rule of all courts to-day—even this argument of mine was not overlooked in the paraphrase. And while upon the matter I should like to add that one of my books, a treatise on certain modern phases of American Railway law—handled the old forgotten theory of Act of God, and showed that the arrival of modern machinery and modern improvements had co-operated to remove it from the books and make a plea of Act of God almost, if not quite, impossible at present. Mr. Donnelly, who was lying in wait for me at about that time, because I had not approved and endorsed his "Cipher," either had not seen the book or had only read into the book far enough to get the statemnt of what the old theory of "Act of God" was, or perhaps he had only read that far himself!) At any rate he denounced me as an enemy of labor, as well as of the travelling public in that I demanded that Railways should not be mulcted in money damages for their workmen or their passengers maimed or killed. Mr.

Donnelly was a good friend and a good enemy. But when the latter, he was not particular about his weapons!

No human institution keeps such an accurate history of itself as does the Stage and it would be supererogation in me to attempt a chronicle of the small segment of its course that has come under my brief cognizance. But it has been the one great amenity of my life. I know of no pleasure so nearly without alloy and if I had the fortune of a Rockefeller I would rather acknowledge my gratitude by endowing the profession to which I owe so much absolute happiness than to found acres of public libraries. I think that I can recall the very date and the very play in which it dawned upon me a l' instant that old things in stage craft had passed away and that all things had become new; that the day of the painted actor and of unreality had gone and that the Stage was actually holding a mirror up to nature. The play happened to be the slight one of "Monsieur Alphonse" and the place Daly's Theatre. It was in that play that it flashed upon me that the actors (especially one particular actor, I forget which one) might have stepped out of the audience so exactly was he a gentleman of the date without paint or imitation. At any rate that happened to be the moment that I for myself noted the difference. But then Mr. Daly was unique in the reality, which he insisted upon. No cloth of frieze was permitted to masquerade as cloth of gold on his boards. I don't know about stage money. But certainly silk was not dowlas, and colored water was not champagne. I once happened to be behind his scenes and saw workmen digging a pit underneath the stage forty feet or so deep, so that the balloon in "The Great Ruby" might actually rise far enough to fill the requirements of a single scene! My cycle has been one of great stagewrights and of great actors, but not, I think, of great Dramatists. Ibsen alone has been a great dramatist in my day. Possibly next to him Rostand. But Sardou, in France, and Pinero, in England, perhaps Bronson Howard, in America, while wonderful as playwrights hardly will be called dramatists. Their impulse came from the Restoration, not from the Shakespeare days. It may sound strange, because contemporary, to say that I think what we in New York called the Harrigan and Hart episode will be as years roll on, an episode worth high record. In their actual staging of a certain phase of low New York City life these men actually did what Aubrey said Shakespeare did, "Gathered humours of men daily" (I sometimes wonder if all our libraries of eulogy and commentation upon Shakespeare have added anything to old Aubrey's estimate of Shakespeare). But the most original of playbuilders in my day—most

original in kind if not in degree—was Mr. Charles Hoyt. To begin with he invented a nomenclature.

Not that of the Pilgrims Progress—Mr. Faithful—Mr. Worldly Wiseman, etc., nor that of Sheridan, Mr. Surface, Mr. Sneer, Mrs. Candour, etc., nor the idem sonans of Dickens whose names suggested—as "Vhoules" suggested Ghouls, or Pickwick suggested the making of absurd trivialities into matters of paramount importance, but an absolute new line. Thus "Vilas Canby" was "vile as can be!" "Welland Strong" was a hypochondriac "Well and Strong," the midget "Willie Grow" was, of course, "Will he grow?" and so on. I do not remember anything in stage lore quite so spontaneous as his humor, which was really wit and humor combined. The Editor of a newspaper who brought in three new subscribers and only used one barrel of his shot gun, the jury who were locked up with a bottle of whiskey marked Exhibit A, to decide what was the contents of the bottle, and who asked for "instructions," to wit, that Exhibit A might be refilled—the heavily weeded chief mourner at a funeral who on learning that he was not mentioned in the Will tore off his habiliments of woe and started for the Ball game—such flashes as these were continuous in the Hoyt plays. It was not comedy or farce, or burlesque, it was Hoyt. Three new kinds of stage play ("Interludes" the Elizabethians would have called them, from the Interlude in the didactic miracle plays when even the priest-managers allowed the audience an interlude of sport between the devil, the sin and the vice, until the performers started out for themselves to give the people nothing but "interludes"). And in my day there have arisen many of these Interludes. Opera Bouffe, of which I like to fancy that I see the fore-adumbration in the transformation scene in the last act of The Merry Wives of Windsor, (where Falstaff disguised as Herne the Hunter merrily takes the leading part in his own discomforture and recognizes Dr. Evans disguised as a fairy who is pinching him with a "God deliver me from that Welsh fairy;)" might have served as a model for the Opera Bouffe. The play of the hard handed men of Athens in Midsummer Nights Dream and of the Pedants in Loves Labours Lost might have been the model for the Gilbert-Sullivan Opera, of which I saw the first: and the many interpolated monologues, such as that delivered by Launcelot Gobbo in the Merchant of Launce in the Two Gentlemen of Verona might have well suggested the "monologue"—still popular in Vaudeville.

Tragedy, per se, is, it seems to me, a buried possibility in Dramatic lore. For the pompous and deliberate Tragedy is substituted the Comedie Humaine, with its constant touches of the tragic, laughter mixed with sobs.

And this is surely what we mean by Realism. For the web of our life is a mingled skein, of good and ill together.

What a whirligig—what a boomerang it all is! The priests that conceived the idea (or borrowed it from the Greek priests) of teaching religion by plays, builded better than they knew, and brought amelioration rather than discipline to billions then to be born and to billions yet to be born. born.

During my day, too, I think the New York City stage has brought out more brilliant actresses than actors. Miss Agnes Ethel in or about 1867 leaped into celebrity and for a single season was created a furore. But she married a rich man (named Terry, I think) and disappeared. Except for the limitations of a delicate physique she was a wonderful (as the term came in with her) "Emotional Actress." She was succeeded by Clara Morris, who in Madeline Morel, Alixe and Kate Sylvester (in "Wilkie Collins's Man and Wife") made even Miss Ethel's laurels pale. Then came Fanny Davenport and Ada Rehan, who added to all the powers of these two abundant physical powers; and their careers are well inscribed on the rolls of the Stage. I saw each of these, as it happened, at their first appearances in New York City. Fanny Davenport as Maria in Twelfth Night so overshadowed the rest of the cast that one rather pitied them. After her triumph Mr. Daly (according to his test for actresses) put her into a minor character part, where she stained her face and entered only once or twice as a ragged old crone. She stood the test, and Mr. Daly made her great. Miss Rehan's first appearance was I think, as one of the throng in a ball-room scene in "The Royal Middy" in 1877, with Catherine Lewis as The Middy. Miss Rehan walked in around the procession on the arm of a cavalier, and as she would near the footlights would smile to her partner and say a few words in audible sotto voce. The next I knew she was Mr. Daly's leading lady and so continued until he died, after which she never acted again so far as I know, though often advertised to appear. But her heart would fail her at the last moment and the engagement would be cancelled. I speak of these here because what interested me most was to see wherein the requirements of the Shakespeare Drama differ from all other acting requirements. Doubtless, in all Shakespeare's eight hundred characters, there are certain minor parts that any actor or actress can fill. But Miss Morris, though her great parts, seemed to lead up to it—could not play Lady Macbeth. She attempted it at the solicitation of her management, and against her own judgment, and scored her only failure. Miss Davenport played Cleopatra in Sardou's, not Shakespeare's, version. Miss Rehan was Katherine in the

Shrew Rosalind in As You Like It, and Helena in Midsummer Night's Dream, to perfection in the Shrew and very good in the others (though Mary Anderson was a more piquant Rosalind in the flirtation parts). Had Mr. Daly lived he was to have played Miss Rehan as Prince Henry in an arrangement of the two parts of Henry fourth as one play, using mostly the Falstaff parts and, sparingly, the court scenes. James Lewis was to have been Falstaff, a part he did not covet, but which he would have taken if Mr. Daly had insisted. But he died, too, and Mr. Daly wrote me, in the last letter I ever had from him. "Yes, Lewis is a great loss. But we must not bury the living with the dead!"

(I can only permit myself to speak of departed actors whom I knew in life. For as to the living Miss Marlowe, Mr. Sothern, Mrs. Fiske and so many others, I should only echo superfluous praise).

I first saw Shakespeare acted at Booth's magnificent presentation at Booth's Theatre, corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street, New York City, and where I doubt if the management itself was a more constant attendant than was I. Indeed I counted that day lost when at matinee or evening I was not sitting there rapt at those wonderful performances whose splendor ended in bankrupting that noble and illustrious proprietor. I can shut my eyes and see that graveyard scene in Hamlet. The grave was nightly dug and earth was thrown upon what was green turf. Years after, when it was claimed that Irving first gave opulence to Shakespeare on the stage, I used to think of those days and wonder at the fleeting memory of mortal men. Sir Henry Irving was my friend and I treasure many memorials of his attentions. He was of melodramatic superiority. His Vanderdecken. Louis XI, Shylock, Matthias, Dubosq, were splendid. Even in á Becket and Dante a certain melodramatic (or as the phrase is "character") superiority made him unsurpassable. But in Hamlet—well Booth is to me Hamlet and Hamlet is to me Booth forever more!

I find among my interesting letters this from Mr. Barrett:

"Cohasset, Mass., June 14, 1890.

Appleton Morgan, Esq.

My Dear Sir: Will you think me urging the autograph mania beyond its present too ample limit if I ask for your name in your own hand to place upon the blank page of my "Bankside Shakespeare"? It will greatly increase the value of my copy to me, and I shall regard it as a gentle courtesy from a man whom I hated when I was reading the "Shakespeare Myth," and

whom I have learned to respect and love in studying his later works, although I have never looked upon his face.

The Bankside is very precious to me, and will be greatly useful to all lovers of Shakespeare. Let me note that the paper by John T. Doyle was born of a conversation which took place in a country home in California where we were both guests. I was so much struck by his novel statement of his experience that I requested him to put it in print. He consented to do so if I would allow him to address it to me in the form of a letter. It so appeared originally in the "Overland Monthly," and at my suggestion our mutual friend Furness reprinted it in the Variorum "Merchant." It will gratify my friend to see himself quoted here by Mr. Reynolds again in volume third of the Bankside. If I have the happiness of knowing you, I have a question or two to ask, which are the proofs of my ignorance. There is one salve for a man's feelings when contemplating his lack of knowledge in the field of the great master's text, and that is that the consensus of all that has been discovered by all the scholars in nearly three centuries still leaves much to be learned by their successors. It is well that the public is content to accept the actor's presentation without requiring his reasons, for he would find himself—"fobbed"—I fear.

Pardon the long letter. I took courage when I found that I could ask a favor of a stranger, and have buttonholed him too long.

With sincere respect,

I remain yours very faithfully,

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

The paper above referred to by Mr. Doyle, whom I also knew, was an account written by the late Hon. John T. Doyle, an eminent member of the California Bar and one time President of the California Vitriculture Commission, which devoted itself to the improvement of California wine industry. Mr. Doyle was once in Mexico representing certain clients resident in the United States. While there he was hailed before a Mexican court—assumed to be in loco clientis (I am coining the Latin if it is Latin) and the court proceeded to trial and judgment to the satisfaction of the plaintiffs by a procedure which even Mr. Doyle's indignation could not prevent him from recognizing as much resembling Portia's monstrous and summary ouster of poor Shylock's right to his worldly goods, his religion, and his life, all at once, in punishment of his having dared to assert legal rights against a Christian! If, as has been claimed, I was, in the "Myth," the first to call attention to Portia's outrage upon all law and justice, even Venetian law and

Venetian justice, I hope it was not ungallant in me—I notice that the votes for Women people have nothing to say about Portia at all.

One of the questions I asked Mr. Barrett was: Apart from any testimony of witnesses of the date or any chronicles would you say from the plays alone as they stand in our libraries to-day (that is, as they stand in the first folio) that they could have been mounted without practicable scenery? Mr. Barrett suggested that he take time to answer the question, but that on the spur of the moment he should say No. He agreed, at my request, to write something full upon the matter in the shape of a letter—and as the New York Shakespeare Society was editing "Shakespeareana" (the Philadelphia quarterly) at that time we could print it as correspondence there. But unfortunately he never found the leisure. He died very suddenly in March of the next year at the Windsor hotel, which had its own tragedy to come. It went up in smoke in an hour. Although a massive building it took fire at two o'clock one afternoon on the afternoon of March 20th, 1891, and at five o'clock literally not one stone was left upon another.

At the grand midnight dinner at Delmonico's, given by Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer to Edwin Booth, in honor of his founding of the Players' Club, I met for the last time Dion Boucicault.

Nobody who had the privilege of being Mr. Daly's guest at that dinner will ever forget it. The one great table of the shape of a star, the interior star a bank of Jacqueminot roses, to which we sat down promptly at midnight, March 30th, 1889, and the speakers were Mr. Booth, Mr. Daly, M. Coquelin, pere, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Edward Harrigan (of the famous and never-to-be-equalled firm of Harrigan and Hart.

At this dinner, too, I first met Dr. Horace Howard Furness (and many others whom I have since delighted to honour). Best of all, I met here William Winter, not only the Dean of all Dramatic critics (by which, I suppose, is meant the most eminent, which Mr. Winter concededly is), but the writer of the purest English in America! Second only to Washington Irving will William Winter be placed, I am sure, in our American Republic of Letters. One day in my early childhood, playing around my father's knee on the deck of a day-steamer on the Hudson, an elderly gentleman put his hand on my head and said some pleasant word. He alighted at Irvington (or, as I think, the landing must have been then—Tarrytown) and I was told afterwards, when it meant something to me to know it, that the gentleman was Washington Irving. So I can claim to have met personally the two writers of the finest and purest English (and purest in more than one sense) in America. At this dinner I saw for the first time the late Mr.

S. L. Clemmons, who delighted to be known as "Mark Twain." When called upon for a speech Mr. Twain drew from his pocket a manuscript, and announcing its purport as "The Long Clam," he proceeded, apropos des bottes to read something to the effect that the eating of long clams had given somebody an Indigestion! We hung our heads hoping that it would soon be over, and without comment the toastmaster announced the next speaker!

Nil mortuis nisi bonum. And I am sure that nothing unkindly can ever be said of Mr. Clemmons unless his too partial friends should claim too much for him. I see, for instance, that my friend Dr. Brander Matthews places Mark Twain in the same class as Cervantes (possibly this judgment is all the more generous because there was a time, if I remember, when Mark Twain did not treat Dr. Matthews's writing very generously). But the dictum seems to me somewhat premature. Cervantes has, next to Shakespeare, fascinated three centuries with the rapier-like delicacy and penetration of his wit. Twain has certainly entertained his own contemporaries—though, I suppose, nobody would quite call his wit delicate or penetrative. And his humour is local if not parochial. One can hardly imagine the posterity of three hundred years hence enjoying an essay on "The Long Clam," or Bob Sawyer's method of whitewashing a fence. Had Dr. Matthews said that Mark Twain was Rabelesian he might have been nearer the truth. But it is to be doubted if the next ages will find anything in the backwoods cracker-box joker of our already disappearing trans-Mississippi civilization that it will not willingly let die, if it happens to be alive at the time! Our Baconian brotherhood will revere Mr. Twain because he said (in the last book he ever wrote, "Is Shakespeare Dead?") that Shakespeare, as we have him biographically to-day, is like a Dinosaur in a museum of Natural History, "One bone and a thousand pounds of plaster of Paris! That sentence may perhaps be immortal! Dr. Matthews pronounces "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," a masterpiece. To me it is an exceedingly tiresome exegisis of the obvious, whose proposition is perfectly evident some fifty pages before Dr. Twain arrives at it by tedious circumstantiality. I wonder if anything can be "Immortal" which nobody would ever think of reading a second time? I cannot imagine anybody reading "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" a second time. In searching for an American Cervantes, has Dr. Matthews perhaps forgotten Washington Irving?

Dr. Matthews is at present a staid professor of Literature in Columbia University where such things as Un-orthodoxy is taboo. But we were youngsters together and used to dispute as to the authorship of Shakespeare. I remember once when he was supposed to be an assistant in the

office of his father, the late Edward Matthews, I came in, and Brander and I were soon deep in the toils of that important controversy. Suddenly the door of the private office of Mr. Matthews, senior, opened. Mr. Matthews was a gentleman of elegance and of silent presence. "Brander, are you busy?" said he, and Brander said, "No, sir." When Mr. Matthews had given some directions and retired into his private office, I said, "Why did you tell your father a fib? You should have said, 'Yes, sir, I am busy finding out who wrote Shakespeare.'" As these were my "Macaronic Poetry" days I handed Brander a copy, and he wrote a lovely review of it, headed "Motley's Your only Wear" in the New York "Evening Mail" (the "Mail" of to-day, after many aliases) which, so far as I know, was the first essay in print of the learned gentleman whose fortieth volume is announced as I write these lines.

Book reviewing (or what is called book-reviewing) is doubtless of value to the publisher, but I doubt if it is ever of much comfort or value to the author of special or studious works. The best review is a sort of substitute for the book itself and so unfair to the author who looks for royalties—the worst is not delightful reading to the student who has spent twenty years upon it only to have his book valued in twenty minutes by a young gentleman, who, as Huxley said, "gets his information from the books he values as the Abysinian cuts his steaks—from the ox that carries him." The term "Book Reviewer," I regret to say, has come to mean, in most cases, anybody connected with an editor's office who happens to be at leisure. Fortunately Shakespeare was not bothered by Book Reviewers. For my part, I have taken my chances (coming, I will not deny, to know about what any certain newspaper would say, whether favorable or unkind, etc.). Only once did I talk back. And that was when the reviewer, assuming that my "study in The Warwickshire Dialect was anti-Shakespearean (it was not, but the reverse) proceeded to unload upon me all the orthodox damnation so richly deserved by Baconians. Then I did write as follows:

To the Editor of ———:

Sir.—I beg to thank your reviewer for an exceedingly kind and temperate review of my "Study in the Warwickshire Dialect."

But I hope you will not think me captious if I express a disinclination to be credited at my time of life with writing another book to exploit the threadbare and preposterous theory of fifty years ago—viz., that Shakespeare could not have written his works because the curriculum of the Strat-

ford grammar school—like that of the rest of the Elizabethan grammar schools—was "mere babblement and notions," a travesty and a delusion!

I must have expressed myself very unfortunately to have given your esteemed critic such an understanding of my book as that.

Its purpose was to show that, if necessary, the Shakespearean (or at least a Warwickshirean) authorship of the plays can be proved by

(1.) Finding in every one of these plays occurrences of the Warwickshire dialect of their date.

(2.) Finding, in almost every one of them, puns, which depend for their intelligibility to Elizabethan and Jacoban audiences upon the idem sonans of certain vowels as pronounced in Warwickshire (an arbitrary pronunciation, by the way), as I tried, by grouping some twenty pages of specimens, to make clear.

My suggestion that, since neither this dialect nor this pronunciation could be traced in the first poem ever printed with a dedication signed "William Shakespeare," his authorship (or a Warwickshirean authorship) of this particular poem could not be proved by this same method, was only a minimized and subordinated argument (if an argument at all), and only collateral in any event to the gravamen of the book.

And I only recurred to the utterly useless and rubbishy exercises in Stratford grammar school in order to lead up to the proposition that young Shakespeare could have actually learned his noble and stately English outside of that institution and even outside of his own home—namely, in the Liturgy of the English Church. The reading of this Liturgy he was obliged by law to attend under a penalty of one shilling for every Sunday's absence, and in it he was obliged (also by law) to be catechised by the parish priest once a month during his nonage. (The statutes which enforced these obligations your critic will find cited verb. lit. et punct. in Part Fourth of the book).

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant.

I can't help thinking that this particular reviewer had mislaid his paper-cutter or that the thermometer oppressed him (it happened to be an unusually hot July). And thereby a suggestion, why continue to issue books uncut? It was all very well once when books were rarities. But when they come by millions, life is too short. Book reviewers have always done rather well by me. I can't remember but two unpleasant ones in all my forty years including the one above alluded to. And admitting my heterodixy, I got less

than I deserved. But if I ever publish another book the leaves shall be trimmed in the bindery to oblige the book reviewers!

Still another question I debated was, "Was Shakespeare of the Old Faith?" My conclusion that he was, as were his family before him, seems to have attracted the attention of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman (who at the time had an office at No. 68 Broadway adjoining the suite occupied by the New York and Palisade Railway Company, of which company I was at the time President). Mr. Stedman used to come into our office after business hours and talk it over. I handed him a full brief—the one printed by Father Hughes in "The Catholic World" and reprinted in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. I, p. 84), which, he said, convinced him. As to the entry in the Stratford town records that John Shakespeare "comes not to church for fear of process for debt" Mr. Stedman argued that that and not John Shakespeare's horror of protestant worship was the cause why he, even in the face of the fine of one shilling for neglect of Sunday attendance, avoided the services at Trinity Church, then a conformist establishment. "Why, my dear Mr. Stedman," said I, "No process for debt can be served on a Sunday." And was not John living on any other day than Sunday? John Shakespeare's loyal friends doubtless tried to, and perhaps succeeded in, voiding his fines by that entry. But if one could avoid paying one's debts by the simple process of not attending church, our reverend clergy might have more complaints than at present about "empty pews."

The late Father Hughes printed that brief in his "Catholic World" under the caption "What a Thinker says," and John Pym Yeatman of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire Barrister at Law, dedicated to me his The Gentle Shakespeare, thus:

"TO APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL.D.

"President of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

Sir: I am happy to dedicate this book to you in gratitude for the very kind manner in which you have acknowledged the value of my labours to clear the memory of our greatest writer from unmerited reproach and calumny: a man in whom all English and Americans alike (with all those, wherever resident, who have a Gaelic, a Kymric or a Celtic descent) are proud to claim a common kinship. And I have the greater pleasure in dedicating my book to you because, so far as I know, you alone upon the American continent have discovered and advocated the Truth about Shakespeare's religion—long before I (in ignorance of your views) adopted the same

theory. And you have done this fearlessly notwithstanding that this view would be even more unpopular than it is in England.

JOHN PYM YEATMAN.

(Lincoln's Inn Chambers, London, 10th July, 1904.)

To my mind, the fact that Shakespeare was a Catholic accounts for many of the otherwise unaccountable things in his history, for much of the mediaeval lore in the Plays may have been read in the Scriptoria by the brothers before they scraped it off the palimpsests. The change from the Old Faith to the New in England was mostly political for at least two generations after Shakespeare. The Parish priests conformed but the same ministers (the same "Vicars of Bray"), and the same churches, the same liturgies, were continued, and the mass of the people probably knew or noted little difference.

While I never felt that I could die happy if I could once see Shakespeare (as Miss Blimber felt about Cicero) I did feel deeply the privilege of seeing almost the next greatest writer of English fiction, Charles Dickens, (By the way, I have never solved myself nor have I ever found any one else who could solve the question. Who next to Shakespeare)? But in the winter of 1867 it was my good fortune to hear Mr. Dickens and surely it was next to seeing Shakespeare to me.

Of course nobody cared what he wore. But had it not been Dickens I doubt if a New York audience would have enthused much over a man who would confront an audience in full evening dress arrayed in a velvet sacque suit, the coat thrown open to show some lengths of gold watch-chain with an enormous locket hanging in its bight. Still even Thackeray, much as his books prate about matters of taste, certainly was at least once guilty of shocking bad taste. I allude to that sketch of his in which he lampoons and makes sport of the second funeral of Napoleon. I have often wished that paper, as well as the ridiculous pictures, could be discontinued in printing editions of his books. If there is anything removed from joke it is that last road we must all take; and take alone!

One of the most important of the Baconian arguments has always been that, at the date, 1622-3, when the First Folio appeared, there was utter forgetfulness of Shakespeare and his works. He had not left to his family, and his family were Puritans who thought plays the works of the devil, and so did all that they could to suppress them. As to the players, (Shakespeare's old comrades and successors,) they were living from hand to mouth. Who, then, disbursed the very considerable amount of money necessary to

print the first folio? I went to the seven or eight copies in the Lenox Library, (a larger number than any other library in the world possesses,) and drew exact specifications of the number and size of pages, printer's lines, types, logotypes, borders, &c., and sent the result to Mr. De Vinne, probably the best living authority on the printer's art, with a request for an estimate. Mr. De Vinne studied the matter and wrote to me as follows:

300 West Seventy-sixth Street,
New York, April 4, 1901.

Dr. Appleton Morgan, President New York Shakespeare Society:

Dear Sir: I find that our estimate of the cost of the manufacture of the Shakespeare folio of 1623 is more difficult than I had supposed. The items are:

Typesetting, 578 pages, including make-up and proof-reading, about 400 days at 10d per day	£8 6
Press work, 145 days for two men, or 290 days at 8d per day	4 17
Paper, 300 reams, (not counting outside of retree sheets at 30d)	19 00
Binding in leather at 14d each, 500	14 12
	£46 15
This is actual cost of labor and materials.	
To this the printer added one-half more for incidentals and profit	23 08
	£70 03

This £70 3s is probably what the publisher of the book had to pay; £70 makes the cost per copy (500) about 2s 9d. The folio book in 1623 (of four thicknesses) sold for from 10s to 12s. This may seem an enormous advance. But it should be recollected that the book was slow of sale. If I recollect rightly, it took more than forty years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakespeare. Yours very truly,

THEODORE L. DE VINNE.

"Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his Outlines, ninth edition (Volume I., Page XXI.,) says: 'In balancing the Shakespearean and present currencies, the former may be roughly estimated as from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property, and even these scales may be deceptively in favor of the oldest value, on account of a then fictitious value of money.' Upon this basis the first folio, allowing only 500 copies, cost to manufacture from £840 to £1,400 —that is, from $4,200 to $7,000." Who paid or undertook to pay from five

thousand to seven thousand dollars to print this First Folio? We remember that but a short time before Shakespeare had purchased New Place for Sixty pounds, that is, on the same reckoning, about a thousand dollars less! Dr. Hall, the executor, could only have made such a disbursement by order of the Court, and no such order was entered.

I have already argued, from the date of Mistress Shakespeare's death and the publication of the First Folio being identical, that the good lady did consent to the use in that volume of the sixteen non-folio plays. Even Dr. Hall might have not found his Puritanism so strenuous as to remonstrate with her for putting sinful things before his weak brethren for a cash consideration. But a matter of disbursement of seventy pounds for a venture would not have been justified of an executor whose duty then as now was to conserve and protect values.

But, as Mr. De Vinne says, the First folio could not have sold very rapidly. Its welcome was not enthusiastic. It was thrown out at the Bodleian. Indeed that Library has only within the last five years recovered the copy thereof which was bodily cast out of its doors (ante Vol. IV, p. 129).

In filling up the gaps in this memorial I must not omit to record a pleasant letter from the then venerable William Henry Smith, who, at almost the same moment as Delia Bacon's Putnam article appeared, wrote his letter in much saner language to Lord Ellesmere (then President of the Shakespeare Society of London) claiming the Baconian authorship, etc. Indeed, there were charges of phlagarism both ways. Hawthorne, in prefacing Miss Bacon's "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," directly charged Mr. Smith with phlagery. But Mr. Smith was quite able to prove that he had never seen Miss Bacon's Putnam Magazine article—which was her first printed exposition, if it was an exposition of the matter at the date of his letter.

A distinguished German diplomatist, the Count Vitzthum d' Ecklested, wrote me anent Donnelly's Cipher that I could safely accept the fact (or the suspicion) that there was a cipher lurking in the first folio, at least if, as I had claimed in my "Myth" (which he did me the honour to say had introduced the Baconian Theory into Germany) Lord Bacon was the author. If Bacon was the author why should he not have done the most natural thing and claimed authorship. As a matter of fact I did not claim, etc. But let that pass. Count Vitzthum's allusion was to Dr. Carl Muller's fine translation of the Myth into German (in 1885) and to Mr. David Asher's statement in The (London) Athenaeum that June 6th in the same year that the Theory had taken root in Germany through my "objective" (as he was

pleased to call it) handling of the matter. By the way Dr. Miller never forgave me for my "recantation" in "Shakespeare in Fact and In Criticism"—as he considered it. At any rate I sent him a copy of the latter book, but never heard from him again.

Although (as I have related) I was as disgusted as Richard Grant White himself at the beggarly array of scrubbed up squalor which the British government, or the "Birthplace Trustees, parade at Stratford-on-Avon as relics of mighty Shakespeare, I did not stand silent and awed at the vestiges of New Place. Here came the mighty Dramatist, once driven before the constable as a vagrom, back in wealth and honor to live in the largest mansion in his native town.

Here

> Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
> Ut prisca gens mortalium
> Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,

And, even if we are obliged to complete the Horatian quotation:

> Haec ubi locutus foenerator Alphius,
> Jam jam futurus rusticus—
> Omne redegit Idibus pecuniam
> Quaerit Kalendas ponere—

Let us remember that even great Shakespeare was not sure that he could keep the wolf from the door with that expensive family of his, members of which even now and then were hailed to court for irregularities (to call them by no worse a name). What a vivid stretch of imagination it would have been for me to imagine when I contemplated for the first time those minute vestiges of New Place that I should live to protest against a second and more potent set of Gastrells and Mr. Sapseas composing the Stratford Board of Aldermen, who proposed to destroy and did destroy as many vestiges of Shakespeare as they could lay hands upon (NEW SHAKESPEARANA, Vol. III, p. 6, "Heating a Library at William Shakespeare's expense—The Stratford Alderman In Action") in the year 1903?

And so adieu! Parting in such sweet sorrow! In my retirement I shall sorely miss my old friends—the gentleman who knows the exact repository of parchments proving that Rutland wrote the Plays, offering to smuggle them out of the hands of the British crown if I contribute half the expense

(say one thousand dollars); the gentleman who can prove the Dark Lady of the Sonnets to be that Scarlet Woman, the Papacy, that Bacon was Hamlet and is so stated to have been in the nonsense words in All's Well that Ends Well; that the poor little princes in the tower died of diphtheria, and that Shakespeare himself died of malaria caused by that sterquinarium opposite his paternal residence on Henley street; that because Bacon was a renegade Freemason (the "good enough Morgan" of his date) the Bacon authorship theory is kept down by a conspiracy of Freemasons; that the "Winter's Tale" the winter solstice, "Midsummer Night's Dream" the summer solstice; "Tempest" the vernal equinox, and "Love's Labor Lost" the autumnal equinox; the "Comedy of Errors" sign of the zodiac Gemini; "Measure for Measure" Libra, and "Twelfth Night" Capricornus, the cross gartered Major Domo being the Goat!

Well, God be with them all, and with all Christom souls! And so—Salve et Vale in saecula saeculorum!

APPLETON MORGAN.

MARGINALIA

MR. ROBERT ATWATER SMITH DOES NOT YET FIND HIMSELF ENTIRELY satisfied with Dr. Wallace. He writes us again: "An inexcusable fault of Prof. Wallace seems to me to be his mis-spelling of proper names. Neither he nor any one else ought to enjoy a license in copying archaic documents to spell a proper name in any way than as it appears in the original. In the fac-simile on page 134, line two, Vol. VIII, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, 'Will*elmus* Shakespe*are*' as Prof. Wallace writes, is really 'willm Shakefper'. In line 3, 'Will*elmo* Osteler' is actually 'will*o* Ofteler'. Several other names are also printed incorrectly, such as 'Joh*ann*es hemyngs' for 'Jones hemings', in line 2."

"These remarks are only concerned, however, with the name 'Shaksper', as the five signatures of 1612 and 1616 were written, as illustrated by photographic reproductions and enlargements in Wm. H. Edward's 'Shaksper not Shakespeare'. If the reader will carefully note the final 'e' of the first word of the fac-simile, viz.: 'anglice', he will see that what Dr. Wallace calls an 'e' in the word 'Shakefper' is not a final 'e' at all, it is merely a flourish after the final 'r' of 'Shakefper'. This habit of calling a flourish a final 'e' when it suits one's convenience, is noted by Edmond Malone (1744-1812), Dr. Halliwell-Phillips (1820-1889) and Wm. Henry Edwards (1)."

"It may be recalled that in the period between 1840 and 1850, Dr. Furnivall and others, when they became convinced that the name 'Shake-speare' as it appeared on the plays 'Richard the Second' and 'Richard the Third' in 1598, (the first year that any of the plays appeared in print with the name of 'Shake-speare' as the author), could not by any possibility be found in the famous five signatures, attempted to adjust the difficulty by spelling the name (so plainly printed 'Shake-speare') as 'Shakspere'. Possibly the boldness of the attempt had its part in the disruption of the New Shakspere (sic) Society of which Dr. Morgan gives an interesting account in the Chapter of his Autobiography in your February issue. Whatever scholarly purpose there is in insisting on connecting the 'willm Shagfper' of Stratford, or the 'willm Shakfper' of the Will with the 'William Shake-speare' of the Plays is of course subserved—if not accomplished—by these attempts. But those of us who see no gain whatever to scholarship in them (and I confess myself one of those) still doubt their efficacy as well as their logic."

It is established by the records of Stratford that "willm Shagfper" (he of the marriage of 1652 and the will of 1616) lived in Stratford after 1595 and not in London. Dr. Wallace's assumptions only seem to muddle the question still further. I should like to know if Dr. Wallace can inform us which one of the numerous "William Shakespeares" mentioned in the British Dictionary of National Biography of 1896, (or is it either Mrs. Stopes's William Shakespeare the grain dealer of Stratford, or the soldier "William Shakespear") is the "willm Shagfper" (1563-1616) of Stratford. These questions are repetitive. But they will probably be asked until somebody answers them.

May I call your attention to an error in my communication printed on page 118 of your October issue? It should read the Tenth instead of the ninth edition of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines".

* * *

It is with especial gratification that we find ourselves able to commend in the highest terms the Ben Greet Company's late mounting of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus at the Garden Theatre, New York City. Especial gratification, because we have never been able to approve of this Company's methods of presenting Shakespeare, and we want to praise rather than condemn. Shakespeare is not a Resurrection nor a Curiosity to this age, but is entitled to all the splendour and perspective that this age can give him, just as much as he was entitled to all the splendour and perspective that his own age could give him. On the contrary, Marlowe's Dr. Faustus is a Resurrection and a curiosity. And the Ben Greets treat it as both. The title roll was

done with all the empressment the reading permits, the broad comedy satisfied every tradition. And the work of the Prologue—more important in Marlowe's day that even stage setting—was as good as it could be. The scenes in Rome were properly omitted. It is hard to imagine that they were not left out in Marlowe's own day when the Church was paramount and would not have tolerated such lese mageste. The Episode of the "Seven Deadly Sins" was treated as broad comedy which doubtless was what Marlowe intended. He could hardly have expected the Devil, as a foretaste of the rapture and magnificence and power that Faustus was about to receive as quid pro quo for his soul, to dilate on such awkward things as Sins! Besides there are no such thing as Sins when one has sold out to the Father of Sins!

Such exhibitions as the Faustus and the Everyman of this Company are Education in its best and highest sense, and worth a bushel of the persistent treatises on Archaic and Formative Drama that tumble all the time from the press.

The Ben Greet players make up a version from the Quarto of 1604 with two scenes omitted and one borowed from the Quarto of 1616 (The play was written probably circa 1588 and there was a first Quarto in 1600).

The stage is such a portion of such a hall as might have been found in London or in Marlowe's native Canterbury in his day. In this hall is a canopy which represents Dr. Faustus's Study, and the Emperor's Court, which backs on a gallery used for the good and bad angels in the one and the Imperial throne in the other. What we call wings are furnished by booths in the hall outside the canopy, from and to which the actors enter and retire, as also do the furniture-shifters who carry in and out of the canopy the properties required therein from time to time in the course of the play, in full view of the audience. And in all else was the play fitted to its date.

* * *

By courtesy of Judge Vickery, President of the New York Shakespeare Society and ex-vice president of the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Arnold, of Nutley, New Jersey, a member of the Carteret Club of Newark, New Jersey, exhibited his fine collection of Tennysoniana at the house of the Rowfant Club in Cleveland. The people of Cleveland were delighted with the exhibition; and, to reciprocate the kindness of Mr. Arnold, Judge Vickery has consented to give his lecture on "The Four Shakespeare Controversies" before the Carteret Club at Newark at an early date. It was very gratifying to the friends of Judge Vickery as showing him not only a Shakespeare scholar but a sound lawyer as well that the Reviewing Court recently handed down an opinion sustaining the

findings of Judge Vickery in the leading case of the City of Cleveland vs. the leading trunk-line railroads with terminals in Cleveland. The suit was a noted one, having been twice tried in the Circuit Court, and the Court of Appeals, the U. S. Court, and decided adversely to the city, and in favor of the railroads each time. When it was sent back to the Ohio state courts where it originated in 1893, Judge Vickery heard the case and decided it in favor of the city of Cleveland. The case involved some novel legal questions, from twenty to thirty million dollars worth of property, and the right of the railroads to maintain their terminals on the land occupied by them, and also involved riparian rights along the great lakes.

* * *

We chronicle with deep regret the death of Hon. John Hawley Stotsenburg at New Albany, Indiana. Judge Stotsenburg was for forty years a prominent lawyer. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature from 1861 to 1865, covering the momentous Civil War period and was a Union man when all even, in the loyal state of Indiana were not. He was a Commissioner to revise the Indiana Statutes and for many years an official of the city of New Albany. He is best known by his important "Impartial Study of The Shakespeare Text," which struck out a new line of investigation in that harried field. Dismissing the Shakespeare Authorship as unworthy of consideration, Judge Stotsenburg discussed the claims of every possible contemporary claimant. The work carries a wide research in, and familiarity with, the vocabulary and style of the Elizabethan dramatists, and will always be a part of the Shakespeare Library of conjecture.

* * *

George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia, publish a noble edition, sumptuous in pictorial illustration, of the novels of Harrison Ainsworth, who did for England and London what Balzac and Dumas did for France and Paris; and of whose Fiction Macauley said, "When I devour the pregnant pages of Ainsworth I am amazed that his wonderful historical novels have not an abiding place in every English home."

Books Received

352. The Verulam Shakes-peare. The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Edited by Edwin Reed, A. M. Illustrations by F. K. Rogers. 16mo., cloth, pp. 102. Boston: The Coburn Company.

356. The American of the Future and other Essays. By Brander Matthews. 12mo., cloth, pp. 400. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

558. The Shakespearean Stage. By Victor E. Albright, Ph.D. Illustrated. Roxburge, Boards. 8vo., pp. 198. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan Company.

359. The Classical Element in the Shakespeare Plays. By William Theobold. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 410. London: Robert Banks.

360. The Dream of Love—A Mystery. By Henry Abbey. sq. 12mo., pp. 94, cloth. Cambridge. The Riverside Press.

361. The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson, Associate Professor of English in Indiana University. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 412. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

362. The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary, with his Chief Correspondence with Men of Letters. By George E. Woodberry. 2 vols. pp. xii + 383; viii + 481. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1909.

363. A New Light on the Renaissance Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. By Harold Bayley. Super Royal 8vo. 420 illustrations. Cloth, pp. viii, 270. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

364. The Awakening of Spring. A Tragedy of Childhood. By Frank Wedelkind. Translated, With Introductory Essay, "A Proem for Prudes," from the German by Francis J. Zeigler. Cloth, pp. QO. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

365. The Social Position In London of William Shakespeare. By Henry Pemberton, Jr. Philadelphia: The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. Paper, 8vo, pp. 20.

366. The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. By William Winter. Two vols. Cloth Royal, 8vo., pp. 300, 324. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co.

367. Bacon Cryptograms In Shakespeare and Other Studies. By Isaac Hull Platt. New edition. 12mo., cloth, pp. 130. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

368. The Mystery of Hamlet. By Robert Russell Benedict. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 120. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

352. This is the second volume of the edition of the plays annotated from a Baconian point of view which the late Edwin Reed projected. It is also, we understand, the last one he completed. We presume the edition will be taken up and carried to completion by other hands.

558. This is, in book form, Dr. Albright's Study of The Shakespeare Stage, the publication of which in pamphlet we have already reviewed. Dr. Albright's work is full of meat. But we must continue to dissent from much of his conclusion. He, to our thinking, makes the Shakespearean stage to

have been too elaborate. We think the facts are that it was not specific, except as to the well-known details of balcony and recess below the stage for 'tiring (that is, attiring—or perhaps retiring—) room. To minimize the value of De Witt's sketch is to accept the very plan we object in in the Baconians, for example, to reject contemporary testimony in favor of modern surmise.

361. This admirable and careful volume is a fitting companion to Mr. Stevenson's Shakespeare's London, which was by far the best of the many volumes (Besant's and others) on the antiquities of Shakespeare's metropolis. We reserve it for future and extended review which this volume deserves. It is copiously illustrated with rare pictures and cannot be dispensed with in the working library of an Elizabethan or a Shakespearean scholar.

360. That Henry Abbey is a true poet this book reveals. There are poems in it that remind us of Longfellow and of the dainty diction of Poe. Mr. Abbey, as he matures, discards out much of his tendency to the merely descriptive of his earlier pieces and is more and more of—to use a hackneyed in lack of a better word—"an Impressionist."

364. We think Mr. Ziegler's "Proem For Prudes" could have been well omitted. No one reading this tragedy will need enlightment as to what it means. The problem it discusses is an awful one, but a very near one to the race of man. No one can read it without a horrible admission of its truth. The simple innocence of two children, leading to suicide in one case and to death in the other—contrasted with the cramming of young brains with fifty thousand facts about paralellepipidons and the Peloponessus and the wanton gods of mythology—the fussy deliberations of a lot of old octogenarian dotards composing a school-board who are convoked to deal with an awful case of immorality between children, and who get to quarreling among themselves because one of them wants a window open and another doesn't—the mother whose daughter is dead, moaning that she only brought her daughter up as she herself had been brought up by her own mother. The lie of the high-priced physician and the solemn falsehood on the grave stone —all these are conjested into a grim and horrid humour that out Ibsens Ibsen. The author, Frank Wedekind, is hailed in Germany, the introduction tells us, as the forerunner of a new Drama, one that shall be the re-making of the Stage—making it a High priest of salvation to the race! Certainly we would not ourselves care to either affirm or deny its usefulness. The Play introduces as Epilogue a character "The Masked Man," who like "The Strange Passenger" and "The Button Moulder" in Peer Gynt, is easily inter-

preted. To him this "Masked Man"—the author, Wedeking, dedicates his terrible Tragedy.

* * *

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All manuscripts submitted *must be type-written.*

Address all matters intended for The Editors, Books for Review, etc., NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, No. 123 Washington Street, WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

THE

Autobiography

OF

Dr. Appleton Morgan

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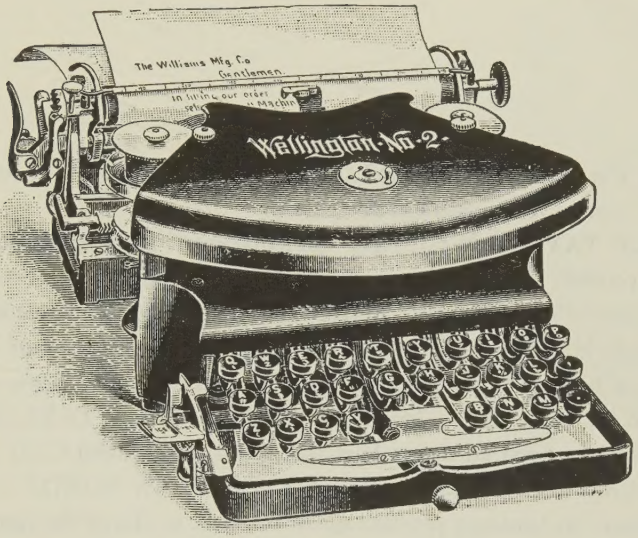

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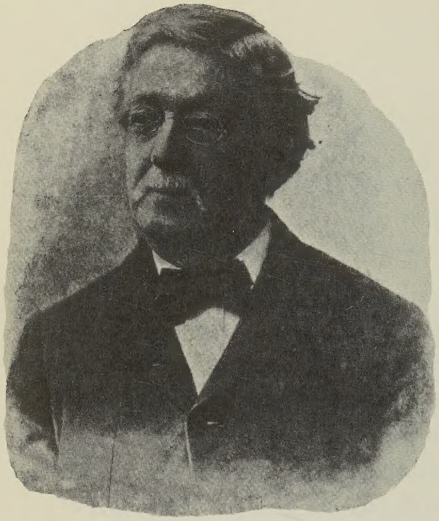

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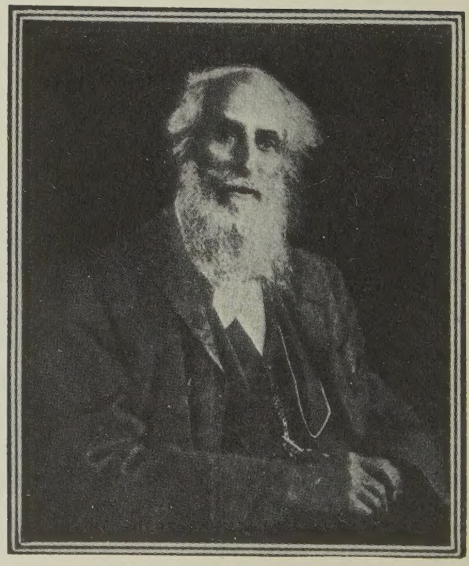

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